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THE SONG OF TRIUMPHANT LOVE.

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FOUND the following in an old Italian manuscript :

I.

TOWARDS the middle of the sixteenth century, there lived in Ferrara (that city flourished then under the scepter of those magnificent dukes, the patrons of poetry and arts) two young persons bearing the names of Fabio and Muzio. Equal in age, nearly related, and almost inseparable, they had been knit together from their tender infancy by the most cordial friendship.

The correspondence of their lot strengthened this bond. They both belonged to ancient houses ; they both possessed independent fortunes, and had no longer any relatives living. Their tastes and inclinations were similar. They had the same love for the arts ; Muzio devoted himself to music ; Fabio cultivated painting. All Ferrara was proud of them and considered them alike the ornament of the court and of the city.

They did not, however, resemble each other in personal appearance, although both were distinguished by the graceful elegance of youth. Fabio, the taller of the two, was blonde, with fair complexion and blue eyes. Muzio, on the contrary, was swarthy-visaged, with dark hair, and in his eyes of somber brown was never seen the amiable fire, nor on his lips the joyous smile that characterized Fabio. His thick brows lowered over narrow lids, while the golden

brows of Fabio arose in delicate semi-circles on a forehead smooth and pure. Muzio also was less vivacious in conversation. In spite of all that, the two friends were equally favored by women ; for it was not in vain that they were quoted as models of generosity and chivalric courtesies.

At the same time as they, there lived in Ferrara a young girl of the name of Valeria. She passed for one of the beauties of the city, although she was to be seen but very rarely. She led a retired life, leaving her dwelling only to attend church, or on the occasion of the grand festivals, to participate in the public promenades. She lived with her mother, a widow of noble birth and small fortune, who had no other children. In all those with whom she came in contact Valeria inspired a feeling of involuntary admiration, mingled with a sentiment of gentle respect equally involuntary. So modest was her bearing, so little conscious did she seem of the power of her charms !

There were those, it is true, that thought her a little too pale, and they were wont to say that the look in her eyes, which she nearly always kept lowered, expressed a reserve approaching timidity. She rarely smiled, and very few had heard her voice ; and yet there ran the report that that voice was very sweet and that in the retirement of her chamber, early in the morning, while the city still slept, Valeria loved to sing the melodies of olden time to the sound of a lute with which she accompanied herself.

In spite of the pallor of her complexion, this young girl bloomed in vigorous health ; and, even to the old men, all who saw her

pass could not help saying: "Oh, how happy will be the youth for whom this flower, folded in its petals, still untouched and virginal, shall expand itself in blossom."

II.

FABIO and Muzio saw Valeria for the first time at a grand public fête given by order of Hercules, Duke of Ferrara, the son of the celebrated Lucrezia Borgia, in honor of certain great nobles just arrived from Paris on the invitation of his Duchess, the daughter of Louis XII., King of France.

Valeria was seated at the side of her mother, in the middle of a magnificent tribune, erected after the design of Palladio, in the principal square of Ferrara for the most noble ladies of the city.

On the same day, Fabio and Muzio both fell desperately in love with Valeria; and as neither of them had been accustomed to conceal anything from the other, each of them soon became aware of what was passing in the heart of his friend. They decided between them to try to approach the young girl, and if she deigned to choose between them, that he who might be rejected should submit without a murmur. Some weeks later, thanks to the good reputation that they justly enjoyed, they were enabled to gain admission to the mansion of the noble widow, else so difficult of access.

From that moment they were able to see Valeria almost every day, and to converse with her; so that the fire kindled in the hearts of the two young men at each visit burned with ever-increasing ardor. But Valeria showed no preference for either, although their presence was apparently grateful to her. With Muzio she was wont to occupy the time with music; but she conversed more willingly with Fabio, who put her more at her ease.

They finally decided to learn their fate, and sent to Valeria a letter, in which they prayed her to declare to which of them she consented to accord her hand. Valeria showed the letter to her mother, and, while affirming that she was not averse to remaining unwedded, added that she would leave the whole matter to the choice of her mother, if she should think it time for her to take a husband.

The worthy widow shed some tears at the idea of parting from her beloved child, but found no reason why she should refuse the two suitors, whom she considered equally worthy of her daughter's hand. However, as at the bottom of her heart she preferred Fabio, whose character seemed to her to accord more with Valeria's, and designated him as her choice. The next day Fabio was made acquainted with his good fortune, and nothing remained for Muzio but to keep his promise and submit.

This he did; but he did not possess the fortitude to remain a witness of the triumph of his friend and rival. He sold the greater part of his property, and, having accumulated several thousand ducats, he departed on a long voyage into Eastern lands. In taking leave of Fabio, he said he would not return until the last vestiges of his love had completely disappeared.

It was not without regret that Fabio separated from the friend of his childhood; but the joyful anticipation of his approaching happiness soon effaced every other feeling, and he gave himself up entirely to the blissful transports of reciprocated love.

Soon after, he espoused Valeria, and it was then for the first time that he came to understand the value of the treasure that he had acquired.

He possessed a pretty villa, surrounded by a garden full of beautiful trees, a short distance from Ferrara; and there he established himself with Valeria and her mother.

Then began for them all an era of happiness. Family life displayed in a new and charming light the perfections of Valeria. Fabio became a painter of note, almost a master where he had been a dilettante. Valeria's mother, while witnessing their felicity, continually prayed in gratitude to God.

Four years passed thus rapidly, like a dream. One thing alone was wanting to the happiness of the young pair: they had no children. But hope did not abandon them. At the end of the fourth year, they were overwhelmed by a misfortune, this time an irreparable one: the widow died, after an illness of a few days.

Valeria mourned long. It was hard to reconcile her to her loss. But another year passed, and life again took its accustomed course. It was then on a beautiful summer's

evening that Muzio reappeared in Ferrara, without having announced to any one his arrival.

III.

DURING the five years that had elapsed since his departure, no one had heard of him. His name even had not been mentioned any more than if he had disappeared from the surface of the earth. When Fabio met his friend in one of the streets of Ferrara he could hardly restrain a cry of fright at first, then of joy. He invited him immediately to accompany him to his house in the country. In the garden there, a solitary pavilion stood, a commodious habitation.

Fabio put it at his disposition. Muzio accepted with eagerness, and on the morning of the following day he took up his abode in it, with his servant.

The latter was a Malay mute; mute, but not deaf; and, to judge of him by the vivacity of his expression, he was a man of more than ordinary acuteness. His tongue had been cut out.

Muzio brought with him a number of chests filled with a multitude of precious objects, which he had collected during the course of his long peregrinations.

Valeria rejoiced sincerely at the return of Muzio; and he saluted her with a quiet and friendly cheerfulness. It was clear to be seen that he had kept the promise given to Fabio. In the course of the day he installed himself in his pavilion.

Aided by the Malay, he removed from the chests all the rarities that he had brought: Carpets, silk stuffs, garments of velvet and brocade, arms, cups, dishes, enameled vases, objects in gold and in silver incrustated with pearls and turquoises, chiseled boxes in amber and ivory, flagons of cut crystal, spices, perfumes, skins of animals, plumes of unknown birds, and a multitude of objects the very use of which seemed mysterious and inexplicable.

Among these precious things there was a rich necklace of pearls that Muzio had received as a present from the Shah of Persia for a certain secret and important service. He asked permission of Valeria to place it around her neck himself. This necklace seemed heavy to the lady, and endowed with a strange warmth. It seemed to glue itself to her skin.

Towards evening, after the repast was

over, Muzio, in the shade of the citron trees and rose laurels, began to relate his adventures. He spoke of the distant countries that he had seen, of the mountains rearing their summits far above the clouds, of immense waterless deserts, and of rivers like seas; he spoke of edifices and gigantic temples, of trees thousands of years old; he named the cities and the nations that he visited; their names alone aroused one like the breath of Saga. The entire Orient was well known to Muzio. He had traversed Persia and Arabia, where the horses are the noblest and the most beautiful of animated creatures. He had penetrated into the remote recesses of India, where the people, grand and tranquil, resemble majestic plants. He had reached the frontiers of Thibet, where the living God, called Dalai-Lama, dwells on earth in the form of a silent man with elongated eyes. Marvelous were his tales.

Fabio and Valeria listened motionless, as though held by enchantment. The lineaments of Muzio's face had changed but slightly. Swarthy from childhood, they had grown darker still from exposure to the rays of a more ardent sun; and the eyes seemed hollower than formerly. The expression, however, had become different, graver and more concentrated. The countenance did not become animated, even when he spoke of the dangers to which he had been exposed, the night in the forest where the roar of the tiger reverberated, the day on the solitary path where the traveler is ambushed by fanatics, who strangle him in honor of a licentious goddess, exacting human victims. Muzio's voice had become hollower and more monotonous. The movements of his hands and of his entire body had lost the suppleness natural to the Italian race.

Assisted by his Malay domestic, who was servilely active, Muzio showed his hosts several tricks taught him by Indian Brahmins. Thus, for example, having previously hidden himself behind a curtain, he suddenly appeared seated in the air, his legs folded beneath him, and merely touching with the fingers of one hand the top of a bamboo cane placed in a perpendicular position. This astonished Fabio not a little, and even terrified Valeria. He must be a sorcerer, she thought. Also, when he took it into his head to call some tame serpents,

inclosed in a basket covered with a rich red carpet, by blowing on a little flute; when their flat and dusky heads appeared beneath the fringes of the cover, darting their forked tongues, Valeria was seized with fright and begged Muzio to remove from her sight those hideous reptiles, the appearance of which caused her a nameless horror.

During supper, Muzio offered his friends wine of Shiraz, which he poured for them from a round-bellied and long-necked flagon. It was a liquor of an extremely strong aroma, of a golden color, changing to a greenish shade. It sparkled mysteriously in the little cups of jade into which it had been poured. Very sweet and very thick, it resembled no European wine, and when drunk slowly in little sips, it produced in all the limbs a sensation of agreeable drowsiness.

Muzio induced his friends to drink each a cup of it, drinking himself also without ever removing his eyes from Valeria. Before she had drunk, stooping over the table, he moved his fingers above her cup and murmured something between his half-closed lips. Valeria remarked it, it is true; but, as in all the actions of Muzio, there was something strange and unintelligible, she contented herself with thinking:

"Can it be that he has become a convert to some new religion? or is this, perhaps, in accordance with the customs of the countries he has visited?"

Then, after a short silence, she asked him if he had continued to occupy himself with music. His only answer was to order the Malay to bring him his Indian violin. This violin was very much like those of to-day; but it had three strings, instead of four, and the sounding-board was covered with a serpent's skin of a bluish color. A very slender reed formed the bow. It was bent in the shape of a semi-circle, and a diamond cut to a point glittered at its end.

Muzio began by playing a few slow and mournful airs that he said were popular, but they seemed strange and even barbarous to an Italian ear. The sound of the metallic cords was feeble and plaintive. But when he struck up his closing melody, the same sound became of a sudden stronger and began to vibrate with startling resonance. A passionate melody gushed forth from under the bow, growing in depth and

strength to a masterly fullness. It undulated slowly, like the serpent whose skin covered the instrument; and with such fire, such triumphant joy did the numbers burn and sparkle, that Fabio and Valeria felt their hearts tighten, and the tears came into their eyes, while Muzio, his head inclined and pressed forcibly against his violin, his face pale, and his brows drawn together in a single line, seemed still more concentrated and somber than was his wont; and the diamond at the end of the bow, going and coming, threw out luminous sparks, as though kindled by the fire of that marvelous melody.

When Muzio stopped at last, still pressing all the time the violin between his shoulder and chin, but letting the hand drop that held the bow, "What is that?" Fabio cried.

Valeria did not speak, but her entire being seemed to repeat her husband's question.

Muzio laid the violin on the table, and, shaking back his hair with a light movement, he answered with a half-smile:

"That? It is a song I heard one day in the island of Ceylon. Among the people, it is called, 'The Song of Triumphant Love.'"

"Repeat it," murmured Fabio.

"No, that cannot be repeated," murmured Muzio. "Besides, it is growing late. The signora needs repose; and I, too, am weary."

During the course of the day, Muzio had borne himself simply and respectfully towards Valeria, like an old friend. But on going away, he clasped her hand vehemently, pressing his fingers into the palm and searching with his eyes the countenance of the young wife so persistently, that, although she did not lift her eye-lashes, she felt the glance, and her cheeks became suddenly fiery red. She said nothing to Muzio, but withdrew her hand abruptly, and when he was gone, she looked a long time at the door through which he had departed. That species of fear with which he had always inspired her came back to her mind, and a vague anxiety took possession of her. Muzio retired to his pavilion, and the husband and wife went to their apartment.

IV.

VALERIA waited long before sleep visited her pillow. The blood flowed sluggishly in

her veins, and in her ears there vibrated a low, ringing sound. Was it the effect of the strange wine she had drunk, or the result of Muzio's fantastic tales? or was it caused by his playing? Towards morning, she fell asleep, and had a singular dream. She thought she entered a vast chamber, vaulted low, the like of which she had never seen before. All the walls were covered with enameled tiles of a pale blue color, inwrought with filigrees of gold. Thin columns of chiseled alabaster supported the marble vault, and this vault, as well as the columns, seemed half-transparent. A rosy glow penetrated every part of the chamber, lighting up every object with a monotonous and mystic radiance. Cushions of brocade were piled up on the narrow carpet placed on the middle of a mosaic floor that was as smooth as glass. Censers representing monstrous animals gave out a light vapor in the corners of the room. There were no windows. A door covered with a curtain of dusky velvet fell in silent folds in a recess of the wall. And, lo! the door opens, and Muzio enters. With his eyes fixed on Valeria, he moves rapidly towards her. He salutes her, opens his arms and laughs. . . . She cannot stir. . . . Strong arms encircle her waist, dry lips burn her, she falls backward on the cushions. . . .

Moaning with horror, after long efforts, Valeria awakes. Not comprehending for a while what had happened to her, she sits up in bed and looks around her. A shudder runs through her whole body. Fabio is lying at her side. He sleeps, but in the clear light of the full moon that shines in through the window, his face is pale like that of a corpse, and more mournful. Valeria aroused her husband. As soon as she met his gaze, he cried:

"What is the matter?"

"Oh, a-terrible dream!" she murmured, shuddering still.

But, at this very moment, from the pavilion there came sounds bursting forth, and Fabio and Valeria recognized the melody that Muzio had played to them and called "The Song of Triumphant Love."

Fabio looked at Valeria in surprise. She, turning away, closed her eyes, and both of them with bated breath listened to the chant until it ended. When the last strain died away, the moon veiled itself in clouds and

the chamber became suddenly darkened. Both laid their heads on the pillow without exchanging a word, and neither of them knew when the other fell asleep.

V.

THE next morning when Muzio came to breakfast he appeared self-complaisant, and saluted Valeria cheerfully. She answered the salutation with embarrassment, and having observed him secretly, she all at once was conscious of feeling an indefinable dread of that satisfied and smiling countenance and of those piercing and curious eyes. He was beginning again his recitals, when Fabio interrupted him at the first word:

"It seems that you were not able to sleep in your new lodgings. My wife and myself heard you playing your piece of yesterday."

"Ah, you heard it? Yes, I played it, it is true; but I had fallen asleep before that; I had had even a very singular dream."

Valeria became attentive.

"What dream?" asked Fabio.

"It seemed to me," said Muzio, without taking his eyes from Valeria, "I entered an immense vaulted hall, furnished with oriental magnificence. Carven columns sustained the arched ceiling. The walls were decked with enameled tiles, and, although there were neither windows nor tapers, the entire hall was illumined with a rosy light, as though the walls had been of translucent stone. In the corners, Chinese censers were burning. Cushions of brocade were strewn along the ground upon a narrow carpet. I entered by a door that was hidden by a tapestry hanging, and by another door, just opposite, a woman whom I had formerly loved appeared, and she seemed so beautiful that I felt all my ancient passion revive."

Muzio stopped significantly.

Valeria did not move. She had grown gradually pale, and her breathing had become labored.

"Then," continued Muzio, "I awoke and I played that song."

"But who was the woman?" Fabio asked.

"Who was she? The wife of a Hindoo. I met her in the city of Delhi. She is no longer of this world; she is dead."

"And her husband?" demanded Fabio, not knowing why he asked the question.

"The husband? He is said to be dead also. I soon lost sight of both of them."

"It is strange," mused Fabio. "Last night my wife had an extraordinary dream, too,"—Muzio turned towards Valeria,—"but she refused to tell it to me."

Here Valeria arose and left the room. Muzio soon went away, also, saying that he must go to Ferrara on business, and that he would not be back before evening.

VI.

SOME weeks before the return of Muzio, Fabio had begun a portrait of his wife, painting her in the character of St. Cecilia. He had perfected himself greatly in his art. The celebrated Luini, a pupil of Leonardo da Vinci, had visited him in Ferrara, and, while aiding him with his advice, had imparted to him the precepts of his illustrious master. The portrait was almost completed. There remained only to give the finishing touches to the face, and Fabio might be justly entitled to feel proud of his work.

After having conducted Muzio, Fabio directed his steps toward his *atelier*, where Valeria was accustomed to await him. But he did not find her. He called her with a loud voice; she did not respond. He sought her in the house and found her nowhere. Seized with a certain inquietude, he ran into the garden, and there in one of the remotest walks, he perceived her. She was seated on a bench, her head inclining on her breast and her hands folded across her knees. Behind her, brought into relief by a background of gloomy cypresses, a marble satyr, his face twisted in a malicious and mocking grimace, held the reeds of a pipe to his pointed lips.

At the appearance of her husband, Valeria visibly rejoiced, and in answer to his anxious questions, said she had a slight headache, but that should not hinder her from giving him the usual sitting.

Fabio led her into the *atelier*, placed her in suitable position, and took his brushes; but he found it impossible to finish the face as he wished it; not because it was pale and seemed fatigued, but he could not find in it to-day that pure and holy expression that was for him one of her chief charms, and that gave him the idea of representing her in the character of St. Cecilia. He ended by throwing his brushes aside and telling his

wife that he did not feel like painting, and that she would do well to retire and rest herself.

Then he turned his easel with the picture against the wall. Valeria followed his advice, and, complaining again of her headache, retired to her chamber. Fabio remained alone in his studio.

He could not help feeling a sort of vague apprehension. Muzio's sojourn under his roof, which he had so much desired, began to become irksome to him. Not that he was jealous; Valeria was incapable of giving rise to such a sentiment; but he recognized no longer in his friend his comrade of old. All these new and strange elements that Muzio had brought from those far distant lands and that seemed to have entered into his very being; those feats of magic, the songs, the strange drinks, this mute Malay, even to the odor of spices that emanated from Muzio's clothes, from his hair and from his very breath, all inspired Fabio with a feeling that resembled suspicion and almost fear.

And why did the Malay, while waiting on the table, look at him (Fabio) with that sly and ironical air? Truly, one would think that he understood Italian. Muzio had said of him that, by the loss of his tongue, the Malay had acquired wonderful power. What power? And how did he acquire it—by the sacrifice of his tongue? All this seemed very strange and incomprehensible.

Fabio entered his wife's sleeping-room. She lay extended on the bed, but she did not sleep. Hearing steps, she trembled violently, but afterwards she was glad to see him, as in the garden. Fabio seated himself near her, took her hand in his, and, after a short silence, asked her what was the extraordinary dream that had terrified her so much the night before. Was it like the one Muzio had related?

Valeria blushed and answered hastily:

"Oh, no! no! I saw a monster that was about to rend me!"

"A monster in the form of a man?" Fabio inquired.

"No, in the form of a beast! a beast!"

And Valeria hid her blushing face in the pillow.

Fabio still held his wife's hand for some moments, then pressed it in silence to his lips and went away.

Sad was the day they passed. It seemed as though something heavy and gloomy were hanging over their heads. But what? That they could not say. They wished to be together, as if a danger menaced them. But of what should they speak, since they knew nothing.

Fabio tried to take up the portrait again, to read Ariosto, whose poem, which had just appeared at Ferrara, was making a great noise throughout Italy; but he could do nothing. Muzio returned very late in the day to partake of the evening meal.

VII.

HE seemed tranquil and content, but he said little. He questioned Fabio about their common friends, about the campaign in Germany, and the Emperor Charles. He spoke of his desire to visit Rome to see the new Pope. Again he offered Valeria some wine of Shiraz, and when she refused, he murmured, as though speaking to himself: "It is no longer necessary."

Fabio having retired with his wife to their apartment, was soon asleep; but, awaking an hour later, he found that no one shared his couch. Valeria was no longer there. He arose quickly and at the same moment he perceived his wife in her night-dress re-entering the chamber through the window that was on a level with the garden. The moon was shining in full splendor, although a short time before a light rain had fallen on the ground.

With closed eyes, having an expression of secret terror on her motionless face, Valeria approached the bed, and, feeling her way, with hands extended before her, she lay down in silent haste. Fabio questioned her; she answered nothing; she seemed to sleep. He touched her, and felt on her garment and on her hair drops of rain, and on the soles of her feet grains of sand.

Then he sprang from the bed and darted into the garden through the half-open window. The light of the moon, painfully bright, inundated every object. Fabio looked rapidly about him and perceived the print of two pairs of feet in the sand. One pair had been naked; and these prints led to a bower of jessamine which stood between the pavilion and the house. He stopped, lost in amazement, when all at once the strains of that air that he had heard the

night before, resounded again. Fabio rushed into the pavilion. Muzio was standing in the middle of the room playing his violin. Fabio sprang towards him.

"You have been in the garden. You were out doors; your clothes are wet with rain."

"What? No, I do not know," Muzio answered slowly, as if astonished at Fabio's arrival and excitement.

Fabio grasped his arm.

"Why do you play that air again? Have you had another dream?"

Muzio looked at Fabio with the same appearance of astonishment and stupefaction.

"Answer me!"

"The moon is there like a buckler round,
The river shines as a serpent creeps,
The friend is awake, the enemy sleeps,
And the hawk rends the bird with many a wound.
Help, oh, help me!"

sang Muzio, as if dreaming.

Fabio recoiled two steps, scrutinized Muzio in silence, and, after hesitating a moment, returned to his chamber. Valeria was sleeping heavily, her head bent down to her shoulder, and both arms extended listlessly. Fabio found it difficult to awaken her. But as soon as she perceived him, she threw herself on his neck and embraced him convulsively, while her entire body trembled.

"What is the matter, my beloved? What ails you?" Fabio repeated, trying to calm her.

But she continued to tremble and sob on his breast.

"Ah, what horrible dreams I have!" she murmured at last, hiding her face.

Fabio wanted to question her, but she only shuddered.

The window panes were already growing red with the first level beams of the morning, when she fell asleep in her husband's arms.

VIII.

THE next day at dawn, Muzio had disappeared, and Valeria told her husband that she intended to pay a visit to the neighboring monastery, where her confessor lived, a worthy old monk, in whom she had the greatest confidence. In response to his questions, she said she was desirous through confession to free her soul of the burden with which the strange impressions of the last few days had weighed her down.

Observing the wasted lineaments of Valeria, and listening to her enfeebled voice, Fabio could not but approve of her intention. The venerable father, Lorenzo, alone could give her salutary counsel and dissipate her doubts. Valeria departed for the monastery under the escort of four domestics. Fabio remained at home and did nothing but wander in the garden until his wife's return, trying to solve the mystery of her peculiar condition, and experiencing, without cessation, fear, anger, and the anguish of uncertain suspicions. He entered the pavilion several times; but its occupant had not returned, and the Malay, with his head bent humbly and an evil smile hidden far away (at least, it seemed so to Fabio) under the brazen mask of his face, placed himself in front of him.

In the meantime, Valeria, with less of shame than terror, had confided everything to her confessor. Father Lorenzo heard her attentively, and then gave her his blessing and administered absolution, thinking to himself all the time:

"This is sorcery. These are works of the devil. We must be on our guard."

Under the pretext of wishing to tranquilize her mind completely and console her, he accompanied her to the villa.

At the sight of the confessor, Fabio felt a new access of anxiety; but the old, experienced monk had considered in his own mind how he ought to act. When he was alone with Fabio, he did not, of course, betray to him the secrets of the confessional, but he advised him, nevertheless, to get rid of his guest, if it were possible; for by his stories and songs, and through his whole manner, he troubled Valeria's imagination. This step was the more urgent since, according to the old man's recollection, he had never been very firm in matters of religion, and having been absent so long in countries unilluminated by the light of Christianity, it might be that he had brought from them the pestilence of false doctrine. Nay, he may have defiled his soul with the secrets of the magic arts. For these reasons, in spite of the claims of ancient friendship, good sense and prudence both showed the necessity of a separation.

Fabio agreed in every respect with the views of the venerable monk. Valeria's countenance regained its former serenity

when her husband communicated to her the advice of the confessor; and, accompanied by the good wishes and thanks of the two, and loaded down with rich gifts for his church and for the poor, Father Lorenzo went back to the monastery.

Fabio proposed to have an explanation with Muzio immediately after supper; but his strange guest did not return. Fabio then decided to put off the conversation until the next day. The young husband and wife withdrew to their apartment.

IX.

VALERIA soon fell asleep; but no slumber visited the eyes of Fabio. All that he had felt, all that he had seen presented itself more vividly in the silence of the night. More persistently still, he sought a solution to the questions to which, as before, he found no answer.

Had Muzio really become a magician? Could he have poisoned Valeria's mind? She was ill, but what was the disease? While, with his hand supporting his head, and holding back his fevered breath, he abandoned himself to his torturing reflections, the moon had ascended into a cloudless heaven. At the same time as its beams began to penetrate the window panes on the side nearest the pavilion (or was it, perhaps, fancy?), a breath began to penetrate, a light, perfumed undulation. And, lo! a passionate, continuous whispering is heard. Then, at the same instant, Fabio perceived that Valeria commenced to move feebly. He springs erect and looks. She rises, slips one foot after the other out of the bed, and, like a sleep-walker, fixing her dull, expressionless eyes straight before her, with both hands extended in front, she glides stealthily towards the door leading into the garden!

Fabio darted through the other door of the room, and, running around the house, locked the door into the garden on the outside. He had had hardly time to turn the key, when he felt somebody trying to open it from within; some one that pushed it violently again and again. Then there were broken moans.

Had Muzio returned from the city? This idea coursed through Fabio's brain like lightning. He rushed towards the pavilion.

What does he see?

Along the road, all bathed in the brilliant light of the moon, like another sleep-walker, with both hands extended in front, with eyes wide open and expressionless, Muzio advances to meet him. Fabio runs up to him, but the other, without noticing him, passes on with staid step and immobile face. He laughs the sinister laugh of the Malay. Fabio is about to call his name, but just then, he hears the noise of an opened window in the house. He turns around.

Sure enough, the bedroom window is wide open, and Valeria, crossing one foot over the sill, is standing before him; her arms, feeling around her in the air, seem to seek Muzio. She is about to spring towards him.

An unspeakable fury overwhelms the breast of Fabio, like a sudden flood.

"Accursed sorcerer!" he cried in ungovernable rage.

And grasping him by the throat with the one hand, he caught with the other the dagger that Muzio wore at his girdle, and thrust it into his side up to the hilt.

Muzio uttered a terrible cry, and, pressing the palm of his hand to the wound, tottered to the pavilion. At the very instant that Fabio stabbed him, Valeria uttered also a cry equally heart-rending, and fell to the ground as though struck by lightning.

Fabio darted toward her. He bore her to her couch and spoke to her.

She remained a long time motionless; but she opened her eyes at last and uttered a deep and quivering sigh like one that has just been saved from imminent death. Then, perceiving her husband, she clasped her two arms about his neck.

"Oh, it is you! you!" she murmured.

Little by little, her hands relaxed their hold, her head drooped backward, and, ejaculating the words: "Thank God, all is finished; but how weary I am!" she fell immediately into a profound and peaceful slumber.

X.

FABIO threw himself into a chair near his wife and while resting his eyes on her pale and emaciated visage, which had already grown contented and calm, he began to reflect on what had just taken place, and on what it would be necessary to do. What was best? If he had slain Muzio, and recalling how deeply the blade of the

dagger had entered his side, he could not doubt it; if he had slain Muzio, the murder could not be concealed. He would be compelled to bring it to the knowledge of the Duke and the judges.

But how recount, how explain a thing so incomprehensible? He (Fabio) had slain in his own house his relative, his best friend! They will ask why, what was the reason? What could he say? But if Muzio was not slain? Fabio could not remain in this uncertainty; and, having assured himself that Valeria was sleeping, he arose from his chair cautiously and left the room, directing his steps toward the pavilion.

Everything seemed quiet there. A single window only was lighted. Fabio opened the outside door with trembling heart. He saw the marks of bloody fingers on it, and on the sand in the road there were drops of blood. He passed through the dark entrance, and stopped at the threshold, struck with amazement.

In the middle of the room, on a Persian carpet, with a velvet cushion under his head, and covered with a broad red shawl with black figures, Muzio lay. His limbs were straight and rigid, his face yellow like wax, his eyes closed under bluish lids. He did not breathe. He appeared dead. The Malay knelt at his feet, also enveloped in a red shawl. He held in his hand an unknown plant, like a fern, and bending forward, looked fixedly at his master. A small torch stuck in the floor burned with a greenish glow, furnishing the sole light of the apartment. The flame never wavered nor smoked.

The Malay did not stir at Fabio's entrance. He cast on him only one rapid glance, which he directed again toward Muzio. From time to time he raised, then lowered, the bough, moving it around in the air. His mute lips half opened and moved slowly, as if giving utterance to some silent conjuration.

The dagger with which he had stabbed his friend lay on the ground between the Malay and Muzio. The Malay once touched its ensanguined blade with the fern-like bough. A minute passed; another, and then another. Fabio approached the Malay, and, stooping towards him, asked in a low voice: "Dead?"

The Malay inclined his head, and, draw-

ing his right hand forth from under the shawl, he pointed to the door with an imperious gesture. Fabio was going to repeat the question, but the imperious hand renewed the gesture, and he withdrew, astonished, indignant, but obedient.

He found Valeria sleeping as before, with a calmer expression on her face. He did not undress, but seated himself at the window and became absorbed in thought. The rising of the sun found him in the same place. Valeria was still sleeping.

XI.

FABIO wished to wait until Valeria awoke before going to Ferrara, when suddenly some one knocked lightly at the door. Fabio hastened to open it, and saw before him his old majordomo, Antonio.

"Signor," said the old man, "the Malay desires to say that his master has fallen ill, and wishes to return with his effects to the city. He wishes also to ask you to lend him some men to assist in packing the baggage, and about dinner time to send him sumpter and saddle horses, and an escort to conduct them. Do you order it?"

"Did the Malay say all that?" asked Fabio. "But how did he compass it? He is mute."

"Here, signor, is a paper on which he has written it correctly in our language."

"And Muzio, you say, is ill?"

"Yes, very ill, and cannot be spoken to."

"Has a physician been sent for?"

"No; the Malay would not permit it."

"And was it the Malay that wrote you that?"

"Yes, it was he."

Fabio was silent for an instant.

"Well, take the necessary steps."

Antonio withdrew.

Fabio stood stupefied. Then he is not dead, he thought; and he did not know whether he ought to be glad or sorry.

Ill! It was only a few hours ago that he saw him a corpse.

Fabio returned to his wife. She awoke, and, raising her head, she exchanged a long look with her husband.

"He is no more?" Valeria said suddenly. Fabio started.

"How, no more? Do you mean—?"

"He is gone!" Valeria continued.

Fabio felt his heart lighter.

"No, not yet," he said; "but he is going to-day."

"And shall I never, never see him again?"

"Never."

"And the dreams will not come back any more?"

"No."

Valeria drew a deep sigh of satisfaction, and once again a happy smile appeared on her lips. She reached her hands to her husband.

"And we shall never speak of him. Do you understand, my beloved? I shall not leave my chamber until he is gone. And now send me my maidens, and— Wait, take that thing away."

She pointed to the pearl necklace that lay on a little table at her side.

"Throw it into the deepest well you can find. Embrace me; I am your Valeria. Do not come to see me until—the other is gone."

Fabio took the necklace, whose pearls seemed faded, and carried out his wife's orders. Then he wandered around in the garden, viewing the pavilion from a distance, before which the disorder of packing had already begun. Men were bringing out the chests and loading the horses. The Malay did not appear at all among these busy people. An irresistible impulse lead Fabio to look once more at what was going on in the pavilion. He recollected that there was a secret door in the rear of the building that gave access to the room where he had seen Muzio that morning. He stole around to this door, found it unlocked, and, drawing aside the heavy tapestry that covered it on the inside, he took a hesitating glance.

XII.

MUZIO was no longer stretched out on the carpet. Dressed in a traveling suit, he was seated in an arm chair; but he seemed a corpse, as much as at the first visit. His ghastly head lay backward on the chair, his hands, of an ochre-yellow hue, resting flat on his knees, were motionless; his bosom no longer rose and fell.

Around the chair, on the floor littered with dried herbs, were placed several shallow cups filled with a dark liquid, from which emanated a strong, almost suffocating odor

of musk. Entwined around each cup was seen a little copper-colored serpent, whose golden eyes glittered at intervals, and right in front of Muzio, about two paces from him, stood the tall form of the Malay. He was clad in a robe of checkered damask held around the waist by the tail of a tiger, and his head was covered with a three-cornered tiara. He kept in continual motion. Now he bowed reverentially, and seemed to murmur as if in prayer; then he drew himself erect to his full height, even rising on the points of his toes; now he made wide, rhythmical movements with both arms, or thrust them pertinaciously in the direction of Muzio. He seemed to threaten or command, corrugating his brows and stamping with his feet. All these gesticulations and movements caused him apparent suffering. He breathed with an effort and copious perspiration ran down his face.

All of a sudden, becoming motionless and filling his lungs with air, he closed his fists, as though he grasped a bridle, and, biting his lips, with his face puckered up, he brought them with a violent effort against his breast. Then, to the unspeakable horror of Fabio, Muzio's head lifted itself from the back of the chair, and stooped forward, following in little jerks the hands of the Malay. The Malay let his hands fall, and Muzio's head fell backward heavily. He repeated his first gestures, and the obedient head repeated the movements after him.

The dark liquid began to boil in the cups; the cups themselves gave out a low, tinkling sound, and the little copper-colored serpents undulated in folds around each of them. Then the Malay took a step forward, and, lifting his eyebrows excessively and opening his eyes to an enormous extent, he made an abrupt movement of command with his head towards Muzio; and the eyelids of the dead man quivered, unglued themselves slowly, and beneath them the lifeless balls could be seen, dull and faded like lead. The face of the Malay grew bright with the pride of assured success, and with a joy, an almost spiteful joy. He opened his mouth wide, and a prolonged howl issued with an effort from the bottom of his throat. Muzio's lips opened also, giving vent to a feeble groan, as an answer to the other sound that had nothing human in it.

But Fabio was unable to stand it any lon-

ger; it seemed like assisting at some diabolical incantation. He himself uttered a loud cry and fled from the house without turning his head, and making the sign of the cross.

XIII.

THREE hours later, Antonio came to announce that all was ready, the coffers packed and Signor Muzio prepared to depart.

Without saying anything to his servant, Fabio went to the terrace whence the pavilion was to be seen. Some horses stood loaded ready to depart, and a powerful stallion was led forward as far as the steps of the entrance. The animal was girded with a saddle large enough for two persons. Servants with uncovered heads and the armed escort were in waiting also. The door of the pavilion opened, and Muzio appeared, supported by the Malay, who was in his ordinary dress. Muzio's face was of a deathly pallor, and his arms hung like a dead man's; but he moved, yes, he moved his feet, one after the other, and when lifted on the horse, he held himself erect, and, feeling with his hands, found the reins.

The Malay slipped his feet into the stirrups, sprang up behind him on the saddle, placed his two arms tightly around his waist, and the troop began its march. The horses traveled at a walk. When they turned to pass before the house, it seemed to Fabio that there appeared on the inanimate visage of Muzio two white points, which moved slowly from left to right: Could it be that Muzio had directed his eyeballs towards him? The Malay alone saluted him with his habitually ironical air.

Had Valeria witnessed the departure? The blinds of her windows were carefully closed, but was she, perhaps, standing behind them?

XIV.

SHE appeared at dinner affectionate and calm, although she still complained of feeling weary. But there was no more inquisitiveness, nor that constant stupefaction, that secret fear; and when, the day after Muzio's departure, Fabio took up again the work on her portrait, he found once more in the features of his wife that angelic purity the momentary eclipse of which had troubled

him so much, and his brush could trace its course on the canvas with exactitude and ease.

The young couple began to live again their former life. Muzio had disappeared for them as though he had never existed. One would say that Fabio and Valeria had tacitly agreed never to pronounce his name, never to inquire into his destiny, a destiny that remained a mystery to everybody.

One day the idea came into Fabio's mind that it was his duty to relate to Valeria what had happened that terrible night; but Valeria seemed to divine his intention; for she held her breath and closed her eyes, like one that expects to receive a blow. Fabio understood her, and the blow never fell.

On a beautiful day in autumn, Fabio finished his picture of St. Cecilia. Valeria was seated at an organ and her fingers were wandering over the keys, when suddenly, without her will having anything to do with it, that "Song of Triumphant Love" that Muzio had played, resounded under her hands, and at the same moment, for the first time since her marriage, she felt in her bosom the palpitation of a new life. She shuddered and stopped.

What was the meaning of it?
Could it be that—?

Here the manuscript ended.

Translated for THE COSMOPOLITAN.

THE ISLE OF SHIPWRECKS.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

STANDING like a door-keeper at the gate of what has been called, without hyperbole, "the noblest, purest and most enchanting river on all God's beautiful earth," the broad-bosomed St. Lawrence, and levying a tribute of fearful cost in life and treasure upon the hosts of vessels thronging past, Anticosti island has only too well earned the repellant titles given it by much-suffering sea-farers.

Cartier discovered the island about the year 1534, and manifested his piety by calling it "Assomption." This was a good enough name, surely; but, in the opinion of one Jean Alphonse, a notable pilot, it was capable of improvement; for, eight years later, he changed it to "Ascension." Neither name had much vogue, however, the Indian title of "Natis-cotee" being the only one mentioned by erudite Dr. Heyleyn in his well-known "Cosmographia" of 1660, and this the French deftly transformed into the more euphonious Anticosti, upon which no one has presumed to improve.

Anticosti was very unfortunate in the first impressions it made upon the early mariners; as it is beset by frequent fogs and swept by treacherous currents, while submerged reefs run wickedly out from it in many directions into the adjacent waters, they knew of it only as a scene of shipwreck and disaster, and abhorred it accordingly.

There were no such philanthropic devices as light-houses, fog-horns, or buoys there away back in 1690, when one of Sir William Phipps' troop-ships, while beating a retreat from Quebec too hastily to be duly cautious, struck full upon the island, and, the season being far advanced, such of her crew as reached land alive had perforce to spend the whole winter upon those desolate, inhospitable shores.

They were sadly short of provisions, and ill-protected against the pitiless cold, and the horrors of their situation so told upon them that the welcome warmth of returning spring found only five still living. These five, with splendid courage, rather than return to Quebec, set forth in one of the ship's boats for the port of Boston, nine hundred miles distant, and, after a voyage of forty-four days, during which they endured every imaginable hardship, reached their old home in safety.

A century and a quarter later, another British war vessel met her fate on Anticosti. This time it was the famous frigate *Leopard*, which had in 1807 created an international sensation by undertaking to search the United States gun-boat *Chesapeake* for deserters. If by this irritating deed of daring the *Leopard* made enemies that wished her ill and invoked maledictions upon her, such could hardly help being content with the

completeness of her destruction, when she beat out her brains upon the "Isle of Shipwrecks."

Another deplorable disaster was the loss of the stout brig *Granicus*, which stranded at the east end of the island in November, 1828. Despite the violence of the storm, to which the wreck was due, many of those on board made the land alive. But they escaped the clutch of Neptune only to meet a still more dreadful and lingering doom. A few days after their landing, winter set in upon them with full force. They had saved very little from the wreck. Their number was large. Provisions soon gave out, and the terrible sequel was plainly revealed when the government vessel, visiting the island in the following spring, found a rude hut littered with human skeletons, and in a pot that hung over the fireplace the preparation for a meal whose like one would hardly expect to find outside of Fiji or Tahiti in the pre-missionary days.

But of all the wrecks that have given the "Terror of the Gulf" its unenviable notoriety among those that do business upon the Canadian waters, none was so harrowing in the grim details of human suffering as that of the French sloop-of-war *La Renommée*, whose pathetic story has been vividly told by I. M. LeMoine, in his fascinating "Chronicles of the St. Lawrence." Only an outline can be given here.

In the month of November, 1737, *La Renommée*, during a violent storm, stranded upon a ledge of rocks scarcely a mile off shore, about eight leagues from the southern point of Anticosti. The waves ran high, and the moment the vessel touched, the sea began to break clear over her. Confusion reigned supreme on board, and, although Captain de Freneuse bore himself like a hero (not even forgetting to take his ship's colors with him), so overwhelming was the anxiety to reach the land that little attempt was made to secure provisions. Consequently, when next morning they came to reckon up, it was found that, with six months of hopeless captivity before them, there was barely forty days' subsistence, allowing the scantiest of daily rations to each of the sixty-five men that had survived the shipwreck.

Floating ice had in that Arctic temperature already formed thickly round the shat-

tered ship, making it impossible to reach her, two feet of snow lay upon the ground, the ill-starred castaways had only a little canvas to protect them from the merciless blast, and, to crown all, fever presently broke out among them. Clear it was that something must be done, and that immediately, or they would all perish miserably. It was known that a party of French fisherman were wintering at Mingan, on the northern shore of the St. Lawrence. To meet them, it would be necessary to travel forty leagues along the exposed sea-shore until the northwest point of the island was gained, and then hazard the perils of the passage across twelve leagues of open sea.

To find the Mingan settlement seemed their single hope, but they could not all go in search of it together; for only two boats, accomodating little more than half the party, had been saved from the wreck. Some must remain behind. Who should they be when all refused? "In this emergency," says Father Crespel, one of the few that survived to the end, "we resolved to seek counsel and succor from God." The appeal was not in vain. After the celebration of the mass, twenty-four of the crew resigned themselves to the Divine will and consented to remain at Pavilion river, while Captain de Freneuse and Father Crespel, with the other thirty-eight, set off for Mingan, leaving behind all the provisions that could be spared, and swearing upon the Holy Evangelists to return with assistance as soon as possible.

The little expedition, so poorly equipped for the tremendous task before it, divided into two parties, one taking the long boat, the other the jolly boat, and thus set forth amid the fears and prayers of the poor people that were to watch and wait with passionate longing for their return. With wind and current dead against them, but slow progress was made, toil and tug at the oars as they might. When they were five days out, the jolly boat was lost sight of. "Later on," relates Father Crespel with pathetic brevity, "we found out what had happened to it. It was swamped." Two bodies cast up high upon the careless sands, the fragments of a shattered boat—these were the only traces of the thirteen men that thus had met their fate.

The other boat crept cautiously along the

rock-bound coast until the ice setting in rendered it useless, and there was no alternative but to go into winter quarters. So the scanty stores were landed, rude huts built of spruce boughs, and, with two pounds of flour and two pounds of fox meat as the entire daily provision for seventeen men (some already having succumbed), they prepared to live out the winter months. Once a week a spoonful of peas varied this sumptuous fare, and, "on those days," Father Crespel naively adds, "we had our best meal."

Slowly the weeks and months dragged by amidst indescribable suffering from hunger, cold, disease, and vermin, which rapidly carried off the emaciated unfortunates, the gallant captain going first and others following in quick succession until, by the month of April, only three out of the original seventeen survived, and they were mere walking skeletons covered with festering sores. In their direst extremity, when hope had died out in heroic Father Crespel's heart even, they encountered some Indians, and, after much difficulty, obtained assistance from them, which enabled all three to reach Mingan by the first day of May.

There, of course, they were received with all kindness by their compatriots, and not a moment was lost in hurrying to the relief of those that had so bravely volunteered to remain behind at Pavilion river. A large and well-equipped boat set off. On nearing the place, a volley was fired, and instantly from the woods appeared four dreadful-looking objects, more like wild animals than men, who, kneeling upon the shore, extended their suppliant hands towards the approaching boat. The tenderest care was taken of these poor beings, who for weeks past had been living upon their boots and fur breeches, boiled in snow water. Yet, despite every precaution, one died of joy, a second became insane, and the bodies of the other two were so putrid with gangrene that they were little better than corpses. So it came about by a strange coincidence that just three survived out of each of the two parties into which the ill-fated crew of *La Renommée* had divided.

Such is, in brief, the story of one disaster. Others almost equally somber, coming down to recent years, could be narrated, but enough has been already told to render

indisputable the right of Anticosti to its forbidding title, "Isle of Shipwrecks," and it is only necessary to add, by way of climax, the startling figures given by Mr. Gregory, of Quebec, in his interesting lecture upon the St. Lawrence light-house system.

From information gathered as agent of the marine department, Mr. Gregory estimates that in ten years no less than one hundred and six vessels, comprising seven steamships, sixty-seven sailing ships, fourteen brigantines, and eighteen schooners suffered shipwreck on Anticosti, having on board as passengers and crew about three thousand souls, and representing a total value of between six and eight million dollars. At this present moment, the distorted skeletons of four fine iron steamships sprawl about upon the shore. This is a record of loss and damage that hardly any other locality in the world can parallel.

Thanks to the zeal of the Canadian marine department, whose chief permanent official, Mr. William Smith, had long experience in the imperial service, Anticosti has of late years been shorn of much of its terror for the sea-farer. Four splendid lights now illuminate its southern and most frequented coast. Fog guns and steam fog whistles sound notes of warning during the dangerous hours when lights avail not, and six telegraph stations scattered along the coast are ready to flash at once the tidings of disaster across the submarine cable whereby the island is connected with the admirable signal service system that has done so much to make the coasts of Canada as safe as any in the world.

Anticosti has been called the "Heart of the St. Lawrence," but the author of this title must surely have had more than a drop of Irish blood in his veins, unless, indeed, he meant to imply that, like some abnormally timid person, the majestic river habitually carries its heart in its mouth. There are many favorable things to be said about the island, even though all attempts to colonize it prosperously and permanently have, up to the present been discouraging failures. Rising to a considerable height along its northern coast, and thence sloping gradually down to the grassy savannahs that skirt the southern shore, the most fertile portions of the country are in large

measure protected from the harsh blasts of winter. The climate is very healthful, and in no way severer than that of the Maritime Provinces, while the atmosphere is generally pure, clear and bracing, neither the heat nor the cold ever reaching the extremes that would imperil the well-being of persons properly protected. As regards size and soil, Anticosti has reason to boast. It is about one hundred and forty miles long, with an average breadth of twenty-eight miles, and containing two and a half million acres of land, which so renowned an authority as Sir William Logan pronounces to be of the best quality and very similar to the fine, arable soil of the Genesee valley, in Western New York.

A unique and interesting circumstance respecting the island is that, although in dimensions it exceeds by at least one-fourth the "right little, tight little island" of Prince Edward, "the gem of the gulf," which is an important province of the Dominion, nevertheless it has always been, and is at the present day, as much a piece of private property as if it were only an ordinary ten-acre lot. So far back as 1680 Louis XIV. of France, with the superb and presumptuous prodigality that distinguished the monarchs of those intoxicating days when new worlds were being discovered and appropriated, right and left, granted the fief of Anticosti off-hand to Sieur Louis Joliet as a reward for his discovery of the mouths of the Mississippi and Illinois, and various other important services. Although, as Charlevoix very quaintly and shrewdly suggests: "Joliet would doubtless have preferred one of the smallest lordships in France," he held on to his domain of magnificent distances, and handed it down intact to his descendants, and they to theirs, until ultimately their rights were acquired by a company incorporated in 1873 for the purpose of developing the resources of the island.

Just what this company proposed to do is so glowingly set forth in an article contributed by Mr. William Smith, deputy minister of marine, to the Nautical Magazine, when the enterprise had not gone much beyond its prospectus stage, that I cannot do better than quote a paragraph:

"The company, which has been formed for the purpose of colonizing the Island of Anticosti, propose to lay out town sites at

different places, whose beautiful situations and bracing sea air must eventually make them the resort of thousands of pleasure-seekers, since sea-bathing could there be combined with many other sports and amusements. The island is to be divided into twenty counties, each sub-divided into five townships. It is further proposed to lay a cable to the mainland, to build saw-mills and grist-mills, establish a bank and general hospital, churches, schools, etc. Operations and improvements of such a kind have everywhere had the most beneficial result upon the industry, wealth, and general progress of the country in which they were attempted, and with the great resources and favorable geographical position of Anticosti, there is no reason to doubt that they will be attended there with similar results."

It is matter for much regret that one cannot write with equal enthusiasm concerning the fulfillment of the company's philanthropic projects. Tempted by the glowing promises of the organizer, a number of Newfoundland fishermen were persuaded in 1874 to take their families and their fortunes to this new Beulah land. They were provided with material for dwellings and some supplies, for which they were expected to pay in fish, and things looked rather bright for a time. But it was not long ere the slender funds of the company were exhausted, and, as winter drew near, no more assistance could be obtained from that source. Destitution soon prevailed on the island. The light-keepers sent up most doleful accounts of the condition of the poor, deluded and deserted settlers, and had it not been that, moved by these reports, the Canadian government for two successive seasons sent down generous supplies of food, there is little room for doubt that the tragedy of the Granicus on a larger scale and with still more appalling details, would have been re-enacted upon those skeleton-strewn shores.

Together with the provisions, Mr. Gregory, who commanded the relief expedition, thoughtfully took some seed potatoes, which being judiciously distributed among the settlers, proved a gratifying success, inasmuch that, a year or two later, whole cargoes were shipped to Quebec, the ordinary yield being forty bushels to one. Many of the families remained, and to-day there are probably three or four hundred people on

the island; but the loss and suffering occasioned by the company's memorable failure must long be a cloud upon Anticosti's prospects.

As may be judged from the success attending the planting of the potato, the soil of the island is well adapted to vegetables, and nearly all kinds will thrive there; but wheat, oats and corn, unfortunately, will not mature, and, strange to say, horned cattle rarely or never survive their second year. It is supposed that some sort of weed is the cause of this phenomenon. The light-keepers' cows are renewed every two years, the hides of the deceased ones being sent up to the Quebec tanners and coming back by next season's steamer to be made up into shoes for the family, thus retaining, to some extent, their connection with the island. Horses and pigs thrive everywhere, and sheep do fairly well, so that upon the whole an industrious farmer could manage pretty comfortably, provided he did not lay too much stress upon butter, cheese and milk.

At present, the chief attractions of Anticosti are for the fisherman and the hunter. The whole coast abounds with fish of all kinds, cod, halibut, herring, etc., being caught in large quantities, even when the gulf fishery is a failure. Gigantic lobsters creep unmolested along the weedy shores, the fishermen flatly refusing to have anything to do with them because they think their chief sustenance is the bodies of Neptune's victims. Then there are two good salmon streams and trout brooks galore, while for very adventurous anglers the not infrequent appearance of a burly and bois-

terous beluga affords a fine opportunity for sport combined with danger. The seal fishery, too, should not be overlooked, especially as it can be carried on for the most part of the year. Although, of course, the supply of seals not being limitless, some such restrictions would have to be observed as are enforced in Alaska.

For those that prefer the gun and hunting knife to the rod and hook, the interior of the island, which has been little explored and is covered with dense forests, shelters quite a menagerie of animals (whose worst enemy is their own valuable fur) such as the bear, otter, marten, silver gray, black, and red fox. But of the hare and partridge, strange to say, there are none.

The future of Anticosti it is not easy to foreshadow. Its possession at present rests with Mr. F. W. Stockwell, of Quebec, who some time ago bought it for one hundred thousand dollars. He would no doubt be willing to part with it at an appropriate advance on cost, and one cannot help thinking what a glorious opportunity here lies ready to the hand (if within the compass of the purse) of any philanthropic reformer that may be burning with eagerness to teach the world the blessed effects of liberty, equality, and fraternity, when put properly into practice. Though the Brook Farm experiment was not a conspicuous success, the principles of Fourierism might perhaps be applied to Anticosti with happier results, remote as it is from those distracting and demoralizing influences of a large city, which even the highest culture cannot altogether keep in abeyance.

A BRACE OF TRIOLETS.

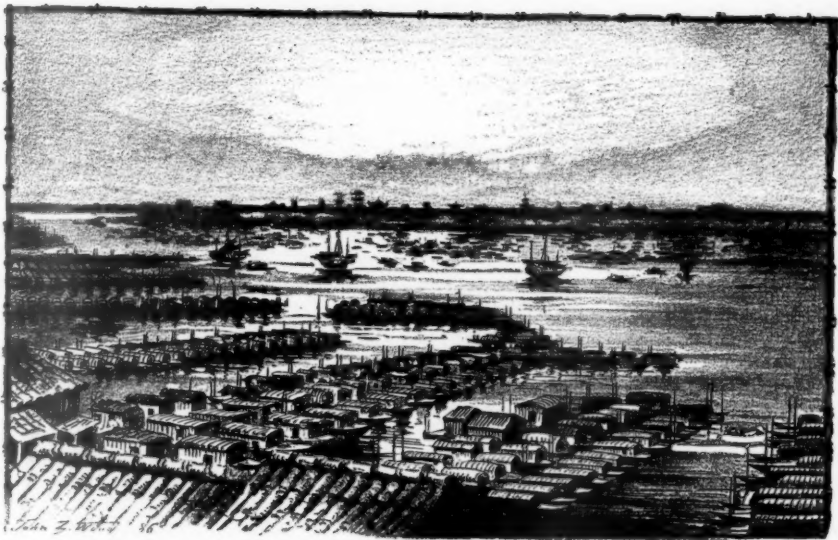
BY WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

BLUE AND GOLD.

That night of blue and gold,
In the wane of sweet September,
We were young, though the stars were old.
That night of blue and gold,
When my tale of love I told,
I think, dear, you remember
That night of blue and gold,
In the wane of sweet September.

ON THE STRAND.

I wrote her name on the strand;
The mocking sea effaced it;
It was not wisely planned.
I wrote her name on the strand;
Her love was a rope of sand,
When 'round my heart she placed it.
I wrote her name on the strand;
The mocking sea effaced it.



BOATS ALONG THE PEARL RIVER.

A YANKEE IN CANTON.

THE SECOND DAY.

BY WILLIAM T. HORNADAY.

WELL, what does it matter if our last night's bed was hard and our breakfast this morning a hollow mockery, about which there was nothing to speak of save the napkins, which were of the finest and whitest Irish linen. Are we not in Canton, the city of sights, with another day before us? Well, then, a crust of bread and a cup of water are quite enough. Time enough to quarrel with our bill of fare when we get where we have nothing else to think of.

My billiard-marking Ah Chan had proved himself a perfect jewel of a guide. He always took me just where I wanted to go, without putting any lions in the path; he was not continually rattling off dreary, rigmarole descriptions of things that needed no describing, and, above all, in making purchases he was generous enough to look out for my interests. With such a guide, I set out in the early morning for another busy day's sight-seeing.

Our first plunge into the old city landed us in the quarter that is given up to the meat and vegetable markets and the cook-

shops. These streets are dirty, foul-smelling, and uninviting. The whole quarter was crowded with people, and, since there was clearly "no room for loafers," we made the tour rather hastily and got out of the way. I have a confused recollection of cabbages, cauliflowers, potatoes, spring onions, pine-apples, mandarin oranges, pears, and bananas piled up in solid walls along both sides of the streets, and also that my thoughts traveled back for a brief moment to our yesterday's dinner at the hotel and the fine assortment of fruits and vegetables that we—didn't have.

There were edibles in the market that were quite unknown to me, but I could only look at them, and guess at how they would taste. When we came to the cook-shops, we gave them a wide berth. Of all the unsavory looking and malodorous messes ever devised by the ingenuity of man, those concocted by the Chinese for the regalement of the lower laboring class are the most fearful and wonderful.

There is one particularly popular dish,

which I encountered a great many times, and remember with the same feelings that predominate in one's recollections of a yellow dog. It was a sort of a cross between a coarse vegetable soup and an Irish stew in a dirty, saffron-yellow gravy, and of all the culinary abominations I ever faced, this is the worst and most repulsive. But the Chinese dote on it, and wherever you see it for sale, whether in a market, a cook-shop, or a perambulator, there you will always see a semi-circle of coolies around it, each with a pair of chopsticks and a yellow bowl at his mouth, shoveling down the great mystery by the quart.

The Chinese are all very hearty eaters, and they are likewise the most abundant producers of food staples of all kinds. No caste prejudice ever stands between a Chinaman's appetite and a good square meal, but, to the lower classes at least, "all's fish that cometh to net." Their principle is to work hard and eat bountifully, and consequently, as a race, they have a look of well-fed plumpness, which is in striking contrast to the lean and hungry Hindoo and Malay.

Other travelers have said that the lowest classes of the Chinese eat certain domestic animals that in our dining-rooms figure under the table rather than upon it; but I must say I saw no evidences of such bad taste on the part of the Cantonese. I remember, however, that when at the village of Simujan in Borneo my celestial servant, Ah Kee, reported to me with every manifestation of unspeakable disgust, that one of the Chinamen in the Chinese kampong had actually eaten a cat.

Canton is a great manufacturing city, and we found its workshops the most interesting feature of all. I hardly dare trust myself to speak of them particularly for fear the subject may take my pen between its teeth, as a spirited horse sometimes does his bit, and run away with me. It is utterly impossible to describe them all, but we will at least take a good look at one, and, considering it as a type specimen, imagine the details of all the rest.

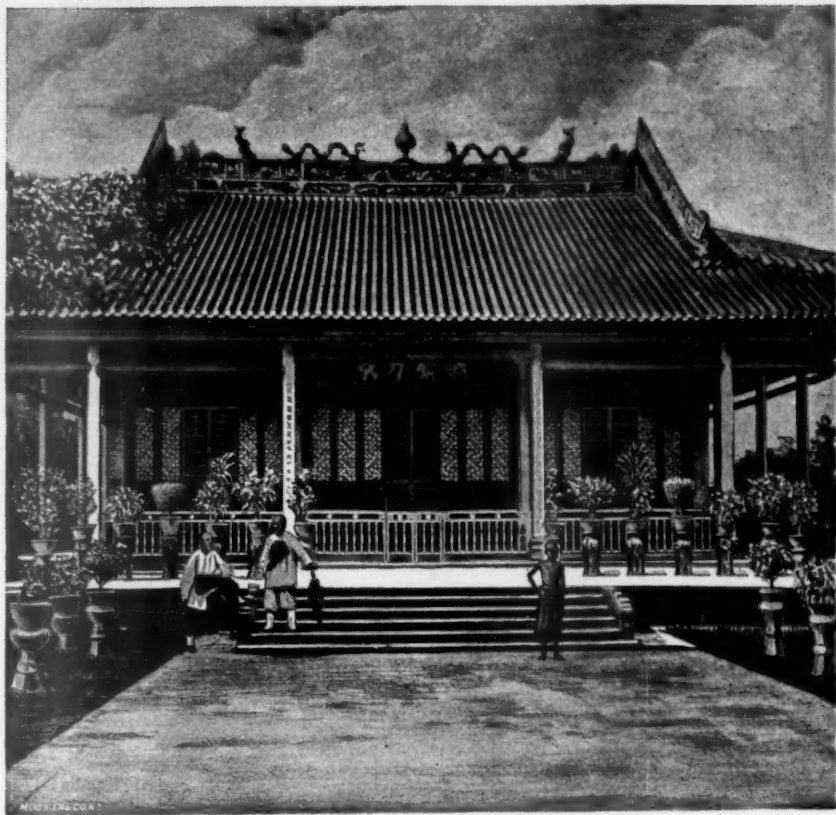
In order to be fair, let us take the very first workshop we come to. What a treat for the ladies! It is a shop of the kind wherein is produced the most beautiful embroidery in the world. If you doubt my word, look at these marvelous groups of birds, butterflies,

and foliage in silk floss on white Chinese silk. See this square piece, twelve by sixteen inches, with its marvelously wrought peacocks, which seem ready to strut right off the cloth; its cranes, cockatoos, birds of paradise, pheasants, and sun birds, a round dozen in all, with well-drawn forms, and plumage executed with a fidelity to nature that is really amazing. Without seeing, we could not believe that the various groups of feathers on a bird, primaries, secondaries, and coverts, with the eyes, beaks, and scales on the legs, could by any process of needlework be represented so faithfully and so minutely. It is on the peacock that my Chinese embroiderer rises to heights that are almost sublime, and shows his skill most triumphantly. The myriad-colored eyes that adorn the gorgeous tail, and the brilliant bronze feathers that cover the back like scales of gold, each stand out separately and sharply defined, with all the richness and variety of color that nature uses when she clothes the living bird.

In addition to our twelve birds, we have a green-topped tree, and three exquisite butterflies flitting through the air. The tree is not handled so successfully and happily as the living creatures; in fact, it is more like the embroidered trees we have been accustomed to seeing at home.

The most wonderful thing of all remains to be told. The embroidery is exactly the same on both sides. And what think you is the price of this twelve by fourteen inches of loveliness, this exquisitely beautiful array of birds, butterflies, and foliage? Surely it took weeks of skilled labor to produce it. Only four dollars, and despised American trade dollars at that, which are not allowed to circulate at home because there is more silver in them than the law allows. Other pieces of embroidery of the same size, but containing more birds, sell for six dollars, and there are smaller pieces that cost only two.

The front of the shop where the light is good is filled with workmen. One man cuts the pieces of silk and puts them into the frames properly stretched; another, who is a skillful draughtsman, draws all the designs, and the rest of the workmen do the needlework. The frame containing the silk lies horizontally, and one man works the upper pattern, while his comrade sits underneath on the



CHINESE TEMPLE.

floor, Turk fashion, and works the pattern on the lower side. It is all a through-and-through process. At every stitch the needle goes straight through to the man on the other side, carrying a little bunch of colored floss. When a stitch is taken and the floss drawn tightly, the one who guided the needle takes another needle, and with its point flattens out the floss, as may be necessary in order to blend the colors and represent the particular item of detail that is desired.

It is, perhaps, all for the best that Chinese embroidery of this kind is not common in America; for, if it were, the sight of it would utterly dishearten our grand army of lovely fancy workers. Kensington embroidery is very pretty when you see nothing prettier; but there is as much difference

between it and Chinese embroidery as there is between a door-mat and a velvet carpet.

In other shops we saw ivory carvers carving marvelous figures, tea-houses, and gardens in high relief on card-cases, fans, and boxes; brooches, ear-rings, and sleeve-buttons of exquisitely-cut roses; wonderful models of flower boats and pagodas two feet high, with sides and top of scroll work, incredibly fine; chessmen of Chinese emperors, empresses, mandarins, and soldiers; napkin rings of bone quite as fine as ivory and much whiter; and last, but most wonderful, one man was carving a series of six ivory balls, one inside of another.

The tools of the workmen were in general appearance like those of a dentist, except that each point had an edge somewhere of some shape. The carver scrapes, and

scratches, and digs away patiently at his ragged bit of ivory, taking off a little chip each time, until finally it comes out something marvelously pretty or curious, or both.

For intricacy of pattern and delicacy of execution, I know of no carving short of cameo-cutting that equals the work of the Chinese. The Swiss work approaches it nearer than any other, but it is only an approach, not an arrival.

I came out of the embroidery factory with only one piece; but the old fellow that kept the carving shop carved several dollars out of my purse in a very few minutes. To start with, I got a set of napkin rings. A set of chessmen soon proved a greater temptation than flesh and blood could resist, and when I was shown a particularly beautiful brooch, all mounted in gold, which I knew would make glad the heart of "the girl I left behind me," as well as look very becoming at her throat, I bought it without a moment's hesitation.

I then resolved to go at once, but a large ivory model of a flower-boat caught me and held me fast like a fly in a web; so, after a brief but gallant struggle, I surrendered unconditionally. It was frailty itself, but it was cased in a most elaborate box, with a handle atop to carry it by, and so I carried it. It was entirely too fragile to pack and ship; so, with a lot of similar curiosities, I carried it by hand all the way from Canton to Rochester, N. Y. It was a deal of trouble, but as the Shaughraun would say, "Begorra, 'twas worth it!" Even in sightful, *blasé* Washington, it continues to astonish the natives. People think it cost a fabulous sum, and I am careful never to tell what I paid for it. So it would have cost roundly if made here, for it is a marvelous piece of work; but in China the workers get only enough to keep soul and body together.

And this reminds me of the workmen once more. The most skillful artist or artizan never gets over fifty cents a day, and the average pay for skilled labor is about eight dollars a month, two dollars of which must go for food. The shop-workmen of every description eat at their work-tables, and at night sleep on their benches or tables, whichever afford the best accommodation. Often as many as a dozen or sixteen men thus occupy a twelve-by-sixteen shop day and night, like so many machines.

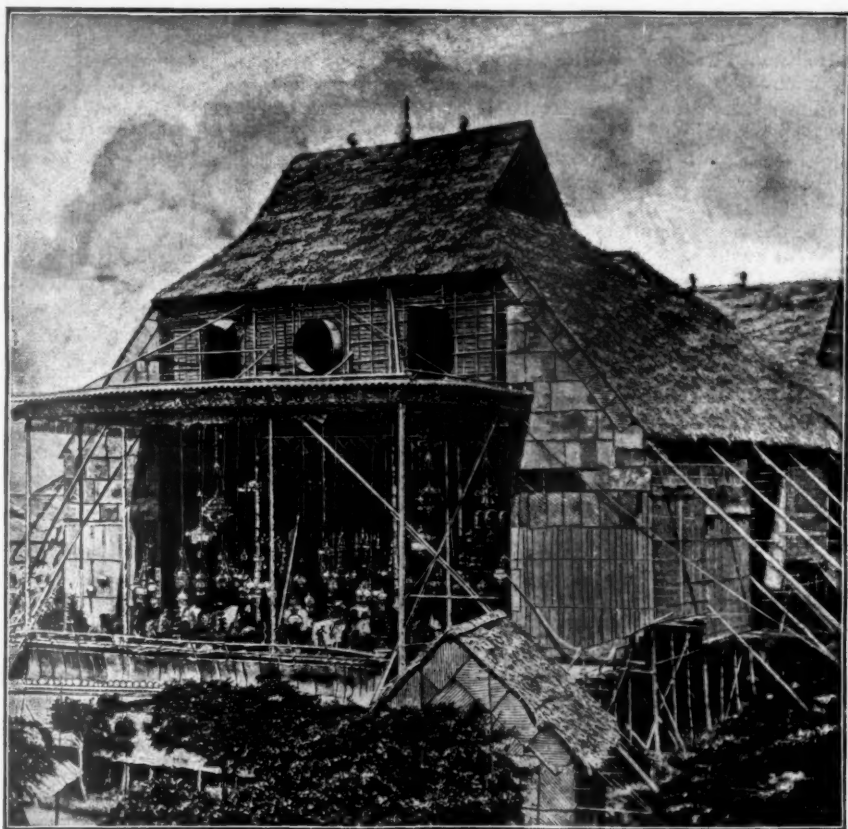
We visited shops where they were making chairs and settees with seats and backs of polished marble, good for choleric people surely; shops where they were making dominoes only; others, shoes for men and little-footed women. In one place we found them making theatrical costumes that were wonderful to behold, with shining brass helmets of all conceivable shapes. In other shops we found them carving soapstone images, and in the next place they were turning out chopsticks by the cord.

Anon, we came upon a joss factory, where the men were carving gods and goddesses out of wood, and polishing, painting, and gilding them most gloriously. The figure that seemed to be the *pièce de résistance* was an immense and very hideous joss about eleven feet high. After that we came to a place where they were making coffins, huge loggish things like a back-woods horse-trough or a half-finished dug-out canoe with a lid to it. But, seriously, a Chinese coffin is something no one can make light of, especially when there is a fleshy occupant within. Perhaps the coffin alone will weigh less than half a ton, but how much less I cannot say.

The next place we visited was a furrier's, where they were making fur coats and rugs, and right there we made a trade. As we were about to pass the door, my attention was caught by a splendid tiger skin, which hung spread out in all its striped glory on purpose to catch the unwary. Somehow the shop impressed me as having a high-priced look, and since I wanted a tiger skin for Mr. Andrew Carnegie, I proceeded with caution.

We went in quietly and asked the price of a rich fur coat that was prominently displayed, but found that it did not suit us. Then our wandering gaze fell upon the tiger skin, and we casually inquired what kind of an animal it came from. An attempt was made to inform us. We then asked its price. Thirty dollars. The subscriber gave a low whistle of surprise, and started out; but he appeared to take a second thought. Going back to the skin, he glanced over it and took in all its points. Although its great size, beauty, and perfection almost made his eyes water, outwardly he made no sign. He must have it at all hazards, but the price was unnecessarily high.

He remarked to Ah Chan that if they



CHINESE THEATER.

would take eighteen dollars for the skin, he might give it. No. The proprietors scorned the idea, and said so to Ah Chan, informing him that they had already had an offer of twenty-five dollars for it. But, they said, since they had not made a sale that morning and wanted to sell to the first customer to bring good luck, they would take twenty-seven dollars and call it square.

Then the subscriber said that since that was the case, he would pay two dollars more and make it twenty, although he hardly knew what to do with the tiger skin, now that he had it.

But the three old Chinamen brightened up and said he hadn't got it yet, and, furthermore, he couldn't have it for one cent less than twenty-five dollars; and they wouldn't have taken that if it had been anyone else.

Then the subscriber unmasked his battery, and opened fire thus :

"Now, look here, my friends, I can tell you all about these skins. You buy them at Saigon of the Chinese traders for about fifteen dollars apiece. It cost, perhaps, two dollars and a half to tan this skin and sew up the holes; so the total cost is about eighteen dollars. Now, I am willing to give exactly twenty-two dollars for it (seeing that it *is* you, and you haven't made a sale to-day), and if you don't want to sell at that, I'm off. Now, do you want twenty-two dollars?"

No, they clearly did not, and they said so. Their lowest price was twenty-five dollars, and the skin should hang there forever before they would take less.

"Well, then, I'm off. Sorry we can't trade, gentlemen. Chin-chin."

And the subscriber unfurled his umbrella and stepped into the street.

He listened with strained ears, expecting to be called back. He walked slowly, he held his breath, and seemed to be deeply interested in the paving stones. He cast a sheep's eye over his shoulder, and saw that Ah Chan was not following, which was a hopeful sign. He got fully forty yards away; then finally muttered to himself:

"Will I really be obliged to give in, after getting this far, go back and hand over twenty-five dollars? Oh, degradation!"

And his heart was very bitter.

"Ho, sir!"

Apparently, he did not hear the call.

"Ho, sir!"

He merely glanced backward over his shoulder.

"Ho, sir! Come back! They give!"

And Ah Chan vigorously beckoned the subscriber back into the shop.

I was about to hand over the cash and order the skin sent to the hotel, when Ah Chan interposed.

"No, sir; you no pay money now. You wait him bring hotel, then you pay."

"O-ho!"

"Yes, sir."

Ah Chan then called for ink and brushes, which being brought and set before him, he partook of bountifully, and spent some minutes in putting a comprehensive series of private marks upon the skin, to prevent the substitution of another for it, and trouble. The proprietors considered it quite the proper thing, and insisted that I should put my chop upon it also, which, to satisfy them, I did. So it seems that in Canton the people assume that every man will take an unfair advantage if he gets a chance; but, since every one acts upon this principle, no one is at all offended. It is a safe rule to go by, but "doosid inconvenient, don't ye know," when you want to get trusted.

Speaking of getting trusted reminds me that we paid a hasty visit to a pawn-shop, not that there was any necessity for it, but because we were in pursuit of knowledge. At home, the pawn-broker is of a modest, retiring, back-street disposition, and his sign is a trio of unassuming gilt balls, representing faith, hope, and charity, I suppose, especially the latter. In Cathay the maker of loans at ruinous interest chooses a

commanding site, and builds himself a lofty, square tower six or seven stories high with a flat top, which looms up above the level of the surrounding city, quite like the Washington monument before the centennial.

It seems that when a certain number of Chinamen make up their minds to rob, they go at it with a zeal and determination that in a better cause would be worthy of all praise. Consequently, every such treasure-house as a pawn-shop is a fort, strongly fortified, and defended by a well-trained garrison.

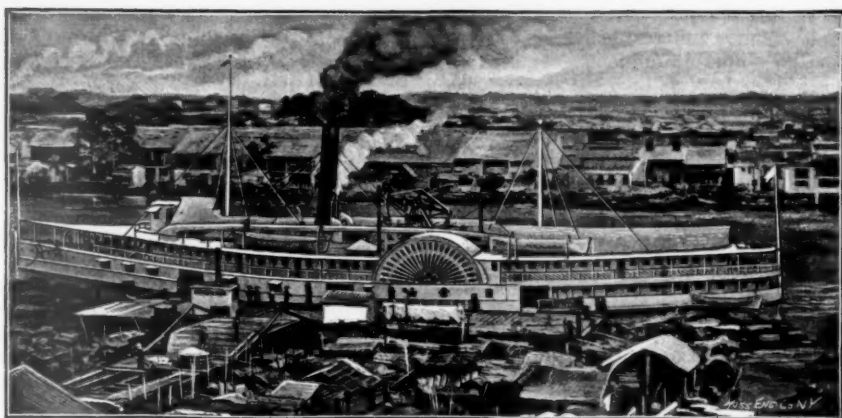
The pawn-tower that we visited was surrounded by a high brick wall, pierced by but one gateway, which is carefully guarded. After getting through that, the visitor is confronted by another prison-like door in the tower itself, which when opened at last admitted us to the business offices on the ground floor.

I will always suspect that one of the proprietors asked Ah Chan what I had come to "put up," but if he did, the boy was too diplomatic to own it.

The interior of the tower was occupied by a huge scaffold, which rose from the ground to the roof without touching the walls, and was divided into a number of stories for the reception of the thousands upon thousands of packages of furniture, robes, shop goods, clothing, bric-a-brac, jewels, and what-not that filled the lofty tower until seemingly it could hold no more. The bulky goods were nearest the ground, of course, and the valuables were on the top shelf, where they would be most difficult to reach. Every package was ticketed, and by a reference to the carefully-kept catalogue, anything called for could be found at once.

It seems that when wealthy people wish to secure a loan on collateral security, they go through the form of depositing their valuables in a pawn-tower for safe keeping only, and say nothing about the advances made on them, an arrangement that might be introduced to great advantage in many of our large cities, where there are so many wealthy poor.

But it was the theater building (I should say shed) that completely took my breath away. I wish all lovers of the muses could see the temple devoted to their worship in Canton. It seems that in this well-regulated capital, the city fathers have expressly for-



THE STEAMBOAT LANDING.

bidden the erection of permanent buildings to be used as assembly rooms for large bodies of men. They fear riots, insurrections, wholesale robberies, and the like. The result is, the theater must have the same habits as the circus, which never comes to stay.

It is curious to see the way the celestial manager rises to the occasion and surmounts obstacles that at first seem insurmountable. The theater is built of bamboo poles and mats lashed together with long strips of rattan, without the use of nail, screw, or bolt. The roof is of thatch; there are props set up everywhere; the windows are simply spaces not closed up by mats; and a more seedy-looking, ramshackle construction it would be impossible to imagine. It looks as if it had been put up for the express purpose of catching fire, or blowing down without hurting anybody. But why describe this unique piece of architecture, when I can offer an illustration from an excellent photograph, which represents it far better than any words of mine. It is the front of the theater that is shown, the main entrance in fact, the stage and audience room being in the rear.

By way of contrast, the reader should visit Yeh's temple, which, I suppose, might fairly be regarded as a type of Chinese temple architecture, as it is displayed in Canton at least. This very handsome and finely-built edifice stands on the bank of a little creek in the suburbs, and, although it cost us a

smart walk to reach it, the effort was well invested. It is called Yeh's temple because it was built in honor of the viceroy of Canton bearing that name, who precipitated the notorious opium war with the English and French in 1857, was captured and carried a prisoner of war to Singapore, where he died.

When noon came, Ah Chan gently intimated that he had not yet breakfasted; so we went into a very respectable-looking restaurant and proceeded to order luncheon. Being in Rome, I was obliged to do as the Romans did; so I took what Ah Chan ordered and ate it, for better or for worse. It certainly was the most foreign meal I ever encountered; for in it all there was nothing I could claim acquaintance with save a shark's fin and a few grains of rice. I wish I could describe some of the dishes and how they tasted; but, with one exception, I did not know what they were, and to this day I have not been able to decide what they tasted like. For aught I know, I may have eaten rat *palés* and cat *croquettes*; but I rather think not, for Ah Chan was a very decent sort of a fellow, and I do not believe that he would have imposed so shamefully on a poor pilgrim. The shark's fin soup was the only thing I could be certain of, which in flavor was not unlike glue water.

Having safely passed the ordeal of the mysterious banquet, Ah Chan paid the score and took me forthwith to see the Temple of Horrors. I expected a great sensation, but I was bitterly disappointed. The hor-

rors of this famous temple are a complete fraud. Who is going to be horrified by the sight of stupid little wooden figures, six inches high, boiling in a kettle of wooden and very dusty oil; or more little toys of the same size being tortured in wooden flames, carved badly and painted worse. No, indeed, my Cantonese; you have something to learn of Madame Tussaud in the horror-producing line. Her famous Chamber will teach you better than to attempt to produce a great sensation with a small toy.

But this fraudulent temple is not without a compensation. In front of it under a wide roof are a number of benches, and on one of these I sat down to rest and console myself with a pint of peanuts. It was amusing to see the crowd that gathered around me. It



CHINESE BARBER.

seemed that everybody passing that way stopped to have a look at the strange European animal and to watch him feed. I wonder if a larger crowd was ever attracted by a small boy and a pint of peanuts. There must have been more than fifty people around me, and, although there were butchers, and bakers, and candle-stick makers, it was as quiet, good-natured, and respectful a gathering as one could ask for, even at a funeral. There was no guying by the street Arab, nor jokes at my expense by the funny man, nor any allusion to my habits, or business, or to the fact that I ought to "go." My visitors came for a quiet look at a "Mel-

ican man" loose in the street, and when I had finished my peanuts, we grinned sympathetically at each other, and then went our several ways.

But Canton has one temple of horrors, however, which is a terrible reality. It is the Yamun, or hall of justice, where accused criminals are tortured to make them confess. If they are guilty, and confess it, they are either beheaded, starved in cages, crucified, or punished in less fatal ways, according to their deserts. If innocent, they are supposed to endure the torture without confessing. Ah Chan offered to take me to this place, but, although I have been present at the death of many an orang-outang, and cut the throat of many a deer, and elk in business-like ways that I now shudder to think of, I declined to go. I was afraid I should see too much, and so spoil my whole visit. I have not the nerve to see a man tortured unless I have seen his crime, or know him to be guilty.

We visited the water clock, which is said to be eight hundred years old. It wasn't much, only four big old bronze jars full of water, set on four steps, so that the overflow should drip from the highest one to the next, and so on to the lowest one. I could see how the clock ran down, but not how they wound it up.

From the tower of this old temple we had a view of the top of the city. It is simply a dreary expanse of dull-red tiled roofs, pierced with square sky-lights, and garnished here and there with rows of large earthen jars full of water. No wonder fires are common and difficult to extinguish.

We wound up our long tramp by a visit to the temple of Honan, on Honan island, not far below the hotel. It was a perfect labyrinth of narrow passages and walls of blue brick, of no particular design and indifferent execution. In several of the principal buildings, each of which stands in a courtyard of its own, are colossal figures of Honan and other gods, carved in wood of course, and covered with paint. In the chief temple are three immense sitting-figures, about twenty-five feet high, beside which even the biggest-feeling Yankee is a mere pigmy.

The grounds of the temple are several acres in extent, and the buildings very numerous. Attached to the institution are

a great number of indigent priests, who are fed and cared for, but on what terms I could not discover.

In the course of our wanderings, we gradually attracted quite a mob of small boys, who, taking courage by reason of their numbers, finally insisted upon taking us to see the sacred pigs. There were four of them, big, white fellows, in a very clean sty, and although the largest was really very fat, he could be beaten in any one of the state fairs of our nineteenth century republic. One of the boys pulled out a little bunch of bristles from the back of the largest hog and offered it to me as a keepsake for the modest sum of ten cents. The price was not exorbitant, but hog bristles were not the kind of rarity I was seeking just then.

In the temple garden the priests showed us a charming sight. It was a lot of tiny orange trees (bushes, I should say) growing in tubs, each heavily laden with golden yellow mandarin oranges. The absurd little trees were no larger than currant bushes, certainly not over two feet high, but their branches were crowded with the delicious fruit. There was another variety growing in the same way, about a foot taller and bearing fewer but much larger oranges. What could be handsomer or more interesting in a conservatory, as a center-piece at a banquet, or a hall decoration for a great occasion? And yet I have never seen one of these dwarfs before nor since, not even in the Kew gardens at London.

Tired and foot-sore, we slowly wended our way to the shelter of the hotel, as our second day in wonderland drew to a close. When I came to cast up accounts, I found that the appropriation for Canton had been expended, chiefly in souvenirs, I regret to say, and, having saved from the wreck only just enough to get me back to Hong Kong, I had no difficulty in deciding to return forthwith.

The next morning was dark and rainy, so

it was just as well that I should go. As we stepped aboard the steamer into the crowd of natives that thronged the deck, my attention was attracted by a handsome, boyish-looking young Englishman in a blue uniform, a custom-house officer apparently, who was yanking vigorously at something far up a Chinaman's sleeve, and earnestly exhorting it to "come out of that." The Chinaman was the ugliest one I ever saw. His whole under lip and one corner of his mouth had been "carried away," as a sailor would say, and his teeth, which were above ground like a washed-out skeleton, were set diagonally with his face. Any one save a very courageous officer would have been frightened away by that face. The man had on a large, thick, loose coat, with sleeves that came half a foot below his hands.

At first I thought his shirt sleeve had got tucked up above his elbow, and the officer was pulling it down for him in a neighborly way. But the officer thought there was something up there that ought to "come out of that." With many a tug and yank, he at last pulled out a big package, done up in paper. Out came his knife, rip went string and paper—

"And the floor it was strewed,
Like the leaves on the strand.
With the fans that Ah Sin had been hiding,"

to the number of a dozen or more. Out of the other sleeve and over the floor came a package of assorted merchandise, such as tortoise-shell combs, jade rings, small ivory carvings, and a few more fans. I do not know what was finally done about it, but I suppose the goods were confiscated, for one thing. At any rate, I could not help feeling sorry for the homely wretch; for, after all, there are worse things than trying to evade an export duty. Half an hour later, the city was behind us and we were steaming swiftly down the Pearl.

UNEXAMPLED FEROCITY.

THE ordinary rat is a most ferocious creature. Mr. G. J. Romanes, the well-known English naturalist, placed two wild rats, a large one and a small one, in a cage. While he was trying one day to capture the larger under a bell-jar, it became angry and fell upon its companion and killed it. Mr.

Romanes continuing his endeavor, the rat became more and more enraged as it rushed about the cage to escape capture. All at once it stopped, seized its dead companion with great ferocity and began to devour it. The bell-jar was then put over the savage and the creature chloroformed.

A WANDERING SAMARITAN.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

A LOW stone wall bordered the lane on either side. There were clumps of tansy and yarrow with straggling bushes of meadow-sweet and hardback clustering closely around the loosely piled rocks. Plenty of poison ivy vines clambered over them too. The lane was narrow and grassy; even the deep wheel-ruts through the center were overgrown with grass. And everything was dusty; there had been a little drought lately; the leaves were powdered thick with dust.

It was a hot day in August, and about four o'clock in the afternoon. Midway of the lane stood an old twisted apple tree. Underneath it was a little circle of shade. An old man sat beneath the tree, with his back against the shaggy, mossy trunk. He was so motionless that a passer through the lane, happening accidentally to glance his way, would have taken in the fact of the proximity of a second animated being with a strange shock.

He looked as much a part of inanimate nature as the stones in the wall. The sudden conviction of the possibility of motion in him was enough to send a startled thrill through one. If his eyes had been closed in sleep, it might have been different; but they were wide open, staring peacefully straight ahead at the flowering bushes opposite. They were of a light blue color, large and clear, and did not look filmy with age, though the man must have been over eighty.

His white hair, as fine and thick as wool, stood out on either side of his placid face. He wore no beard. His mouth was wide and curved slightly, not so much into a smile as into an expression of pleasant serenity. His rusty, black clothes were loose and baggy; an old valise lay on the grass near him, and a stout stick that had evidently been cut for a cane.

He staid there motionless for a half hour or so. No one came through the lane to disturb him. The bees and the butterflies whirled by unceasingly, and the dusty sunbeams, which penetrated the apple-boughs here and there, slanted a little more. Then he

arose, took his valise on his arm, and moved slowly up the lane, leaning on his stout stick.

A few rods farther on, the lane inclined slightly to the right, and then a small story-and-a-half white house, which marked its terminus, appeared. The lane merged imperceptibly into the grassy door yard. There was a green curved trellis, which looked like a hood, over the door, and a prairie rose tree clung to it, but the roses were all gone by.

The sun had moved so far toward the west that a cool shadow lay over the front of the house and the yard. There were two windows on each side of the front door. The blinds of one of them were flung wide open, and a light-haired head of a woman and an arm and hand moving with the regular motion of sewing were visible.

The woman rose quietly and came to the door, when she looked out and saw the old man.

"Is that you, Doctor Ware?" said she.

She was a slim, round-shouldered woman. Her light hair was strained back tightly from a full, blue-veined forehead. There was a sweet expression about her thin, nervous mouth.

"Yes, it's me; I'm on my summer travels ag'in. How's all your folks, Miss Hatton?"

"Well, Mary Anne ain't very smart. I've been wishin' for some time that you'd come along. She's been takin' some doctor's stuff, but it ain't seemed to do her much good, and I thought mebby some of your yerbs would give her a start. Come right in. Lijah's out in the field to work, but he'll be real glad to see you. He's said several times lately that it seemed 's if 'twas 'bout time for you to be comin'."

The old man followed her into the cool, sparsely-furnished sitting-room, and seated himself in the large cane-seated rocker that she placed for him.

"Mary Anne!" she called then, standing in the door, "come, come down stairs; there's somebody here wants to see you!"

Mary Anne, a slender girl, who looked like her mother, except that she was younger

and sweeter, came down presently. She walked weakly, there was a bright flush on her soft cheeks, and her blue eyes had an eager, inquiring look in them.

"Who is it?" she asked tremulously. "Oh, Doctor Ware!"

All the eagerness faded from her eyes.

"Well, Mary Anne, how air ye?"

"Pretty well, thank you."

"That's what she allers says," remarked her mother. "She ain't well a bit!"

The girl did not contradict her; she dropped listlessly into a chair.

After a little while, her mother beckoned Dr. Ware furtively out of the room, and they had a whispered conference out in the kitchen. Mary Anne crept wearily up stairs and laid down on her bed again. Her mother heard her.

"There she goes to lay down again," said she; "she don't seem to hev no ambition nor interest in anythin'. Her father an' me hev tried an' tried, but we can't rouse her a bit. Here's the water for the yerbs, if you've got 'em ready."

Soon a peculiar, pungent steam from the simmering juices of certain medicinal plants floated through the house. The old man brooded over the bubbling kettle like a benevolent witch.

"There ain't anythin' like this to give anybody an appetite, an' strengthen' of 'em up," he said complacently, as he poured finally the greenish-black decoction into a bowl.

Many such bowls did poor, ailing Mary Anne empty through the following days. She patiently took everything that they gave her.

The itinerant vender of herbs, who might have been ranked as a physician after an innocent, primitive fashion, having a gentle craft in the use of healing plants, staid on. He always stopped awhile with the Hattons while on his summer pilgrimages among these adjoining rural villages.

A good many people welcomed him gladly to their homes, for that matter. They liked to dose their families with his herb teas once a year. Then there was a religious sympathy between them too. Most of them hereabouts were devout Methodists, and he was an ardent member of that denomination.

But Mary Anne, in spite of her long draughts of these bitterish, pungent, aro-

matic teas, grew no better. Doctor Ware kept up a scrutiny of her that was shrewd from its very simplicity and singleness.

"There ain't much use in givin' medicine to Mary Anne," he told her mother one day; "thar's troubles that nary a yerb that grows on this airth's goin' to cure. Mebbe thar's some in the green fields King David sung about."

"What do you mean?"

"Mary Anne's got somethin' or other on her mind."

Mrs. Hatton's delicate face flushed a burning red.

"You're mistaken about that, Doctor Ware," she said; "I know you are. Mary Anne can't hev nothin' on her mind; she ain't never hed a thing to fret her. Her father an' me hev allers looked out for her, as ef she'd been a cosset-lamb. She ain't never hed to work hard, an' we've bought her everything we could afford."

That afternoon the old man went into one of the neighboring houses. A large, handsome woman, who was a great talker, lived there.

"How do you think Mary Anne is getting along?" said she.

"Well, she's rather slim."

"It'll take more than your herbs to cure her, Doctor Ware," said the woman, with a laugh that was not ill-natured, though unpleasantly knowing. "Medicines for the body don't help the mind, I s'pose you know. You needn't say anythin' about it; her mother'd never forgive me; but the long an' short of the whole business is, Mary Anne Hatton's lost her beau. That's everythin' that ails her. She's goin' into a decline over it."

"Who was her beau?"

"That young Adams feller who lives 'bout a mile below here; you know him. He went with her real stidy last winter and don't come nigh her now."

The old man asked her a few more questions and then took leave. He walked straight down the road to the Adams farm. Just as he approached it, a young man came out of the yard, leading a horse.

"How do you do, Doctor Ware," he said heartily, stopping and shaking hands.

He was a pretty, rather boyish-looking young fellow.

"Well, I'm pretty well, thanky, Henry."

"Coming into the house, ain't you?"

"No, thank; guess I can't stop. I'll stan' here an' talk a minute. I'm a stoppin' up to 'Lijah Hatton's, mebbe you know."

The other started.

"No, I didn't."

"Yes, I've been thar some days. Mary Anne's pretty miser'ble."

"You don't mean it! I ain't heard of it. She ain't very sick, is she?"

"Well, I don't like to see anybody lookin' the way she does."

"What's the matter?"

"It's pretty hard tellin'."

"Say—of course she ain't—I know she ain't. But you don't s'pose she's—you don't s'pose it's possible she's worryin' over anything, do you?"

"It acts more like that than anythin' else, ef I was to say what I really thought."

The young fellow's fair face was all burning with blushes. He looked at the old man, then away again.

"Look here," he stammered, "you ain't heard anything said, have you? You don't suppose it is anything to do with—me?"

"Well, I've heard a leetle. Look a'here, Henry, mebbe you think it ain't any of my business, an' it ain't reely; but I'm a-goin' to tell you just what I think. You ain't been showin' out yourself to be the kind of young man I thought you was."

"Then—you think—that is it?"

"Well, Henry, I've 'bout come to that conclusion."

The young man groaned out, "Oh dear!" and hid his face for a minute against his horse's neck.

"Look here," said he, raising his head presently. "I ain't meant to do anything mean. Hang it! I ain't that kind of a fellow, you know. But—I'm young, and I'd been going with Mary Anne pretty steady, and I didn't have much to get married on, and I reckon I got kind of scared, you know. Then mother she talked some; she hadn't a thing against her, but she thought I might wait and do a little better. So I thought maybe I'd better haul off a little while, and see how we both stood it."

"I never heard a word till this minute about her being sick," he continued. "I've been awful busy and I've been away. If I had heard, I guess—I don't see why mother didn't tell me. She must have known.

Well that's all there is to it. I ain't been any too happy myself lately. Look here, I'll be up there to-night. Poor little thing! I guess if I had known—"

"Well, don't you go to feelin' too bad. I dassay you didn't mean no harm, an' if you act like a man about it now, 't'll be all right."

That night the old man watched eagerly. He kept sauntering out to the head of the lane and looking, but Henry never came in sight.

Presently the candle-light behind Mary Anne's little curtain went out, and he gave up the watch with gathering indignation.

"He's a mean feller after all," he muttered, plodding heavily through the dewy grass back to the house.

Early the next morning, he set out for the Adams place. As he approached the house, he peered about the yard sharply, but he could see nothing of the delinquent young man. He knocked on the side door, and presently a woman opened it.

She was tall and large, and her blue eyes stared out of her heavy face with a sort of reflective uncertainty, though her mouth was smiling.

"Good evenin', Miss Adams."

"Good mornin'," said she stiffly.

"I guess you don't know who I am, Miss Adams."

"I can't say as I do, jest."

"My name is Ware."

"Oh, yes, I couldn't think for a minute who you was. It's quite a spell since you've been round. Fine weather we're havin', ain't we? Come in, won't you?"

She had a large earthen bowl under her arm, and she was beating eggs in it with a heavy iron spoon as she talked. She beat energetically, and the spoon made a din against the sides of the bowl.

"No, thank, Miss Adams, I guess I can't stop. I'm a stayin' up to Hatton's, an' I'm goin' to help him a leetle this forenoon whilst the sun's high 'bout spreadin' his hay. Whar's Henry?"

"Henry? Oh, he ain't here."

"Gone far?"

"No, not very far. Well, he's been thinkin' of goin' over to his uncle's in Dover for some time."

"Over to his uncle's, hey? Goin' to stay long?"

"Well, I dunno jest how long."

"Shouldn't think he could leave very well in hayin' time."

"Well, he didn't know how to."

Mrs. Adams screwed up her mouth moodily between her answers, and beat the eggs fiercely.

The old man hesitated.

"Didn't Henry say nothin' 'bout comin' up to our house last evenin'?" he asked finally.

The woman's eyes flashed suddenly under their drooping lids. The iron spoon jumped in her nervous hand.

"Well, I dunno as he did."

"I saw him yesterday afternoon, an' he said he was."

"Did he?"

Doctor Ware stepped up closer to her. His old voice quivered.

"Look a-here, Miss Adams, I'm a-goin to speak to you 'bout it. You're his mother, an' you'd orter hev some influence over him an' coax him to do what's right, ef he ain't inclined to himself. Mebbe you know somethin' 'bout it. You know your son's been up to see the Hatton girl consider'ble."

"I don't know nothin' about it."

"Well, she got real kind of interested in him, as near as I can make out, an' he ain't been there lately, an' she's worried a good deal. She's real poorly, accordin' to my way of thinkin'."

I don't want to hear nothin' about it."

"Miss Adams, you don't mean to say you don't want Henry to do what's right?"

"I don't want to talk about it at all!"

"You don't want to see that poor child frettin' herself to death before your face and eyes an' not do anythin' to stop it, when it's your own son's fault?"

"I don't want to say another word about it, an' I ain't goin' to! Henry's got to manage his own affairs."

Suddenly the old man started.

"Hark a minute! What's that?" said he.

Mrs. Adams clattered her spoon furiously.

"What's what?" she asked.

"I thought I heard somebody holler."

"Guess 'twas Mr. Jackson over there with his oxen. He hollers like all possessed at 'em sometimes."

"I've got somethin' in the oven, an' I guess I shall hev to go in."

"Miss Adams!"

But she had fairly shut the door in his face.

That morning, out in the hay field, he asked Mr. Hatton, after a long spell of work and reflection:

"I s'pose you know Miss Adams, down below here, Henry Adams' mother, don't ye?"

"Known her ever since I knew anythin'."

"Good kind of a woman, ain't she?"

"Guess she's good enough; awful set when she gits her mind made up."

"Henry don't look as if he was."

Mary Anne's father turned around and faced the old man fiercely. His dark, leathery face with heavy seams about the mouth and eyes worked. He was a slow, taciturn man, and he had never before mentioned this subject to his visitor.

"I wish the Lord," he said, "I had my hands on that feller sometimes. That's what ails Mary Anne. Come jest long enough to git her to thinkin' considerable of him an' then— She ain't tough like some girls, an' she takes everythin' to heart dreadful. An' there's some things mother an' me can't do for her. We've allers tried to do everythin'. Seems as there ain't no need of it, an' there ain't. Henry Adams ain't the only feller in the world. But that don't make no difference to her. There ain't no use scoldin' her. She's failin' every day."

"You ain't never said anythin' to him?"

"Said anythin'? Guess I shouldn't say much, unless I said it with my fists!"

Mary Anne's poor father bore down upon the sweet, dying clover and grasses with his angry foot, and raked again sternly.

That evening Doctor Ware went down to the Adams house again. As he drew near, he heard a voice singing to a melodeon accompaniment. When he knocked the music ceased a minute, and Mrs. Adams put her head out of the sitting-room window.

"Has Henry got home?" asked he.

"No, he ain't. Won't you come in, Doctor Ware?"

"No, thank you; I jest thought I'd luk round an' see ef he was to home."

The music began again directly. Mrs. Adams had a sweet voice. She had sung in the choir when she was a girl, and had an enduring love for music, which age and pro-saicness could not affect. Her melodeon was her dear household god. Her voice rang out

sweet and shrill in a psalm tune after Doctor Ware, as he plodded up the road.

The next day he went to Dover, a town about six miles distant. Part of the way he rode, begging lifts from passing teams; part of the way he walked.

In Dover, he found Henry's uncle's house easily enough, but not Henry. He was not there; had not been there at all.

It was late in the afternoon when the old man reached home. He was stiff and tired, but he did not eat or rest. He went straight to the Adams' again. He knocked. No one came to the door, but he heard, like an echo to the knock, the cry that he had heard the other day. The echo was a double and triple one too; it came again and again; it resolved itself into words. He heard distinctly:

"Help! help! Let me out! Let—me—o—ut!"

"What's the matter? Who is it?" he shouted back.

"It's me—Henry. Mother's got me locked down here!"

The poor young fellow, who was hardly more than a boy, was evidently terribly shaken. The words ended in a groan.

"I'll let you out, Henry. Whar air you?"

The old man knelt down on the ground and put his ear close to a tiny grated cellar window. The voice seemed to come from that direction, though from a long distance; it was almost smothered.

"I'm down here—in the cellar—in a little room we store things in. Get the key off the kitchen shelf. Oh!"

"Thar, thar, Henry, I'm a comin'."

The house door was not locked. Doctor Ware hastened into the kitchen. There was a bunch of keys on the corner of the high, drab-painted shelf. He caught them up and opened doors till he found the cellar stairs. Henry sang out again when he heard his steps on them:

"Here I am, here! Over to the left!"

The store-room, which had served as a dungeon, was a small apartment staunchly petitioned off in a corner of the cellar. The stone cellar walls formed two of its sides; stout posts and planks the others. The door was thick and firmly hung.

"The little, nasty key!" Henry cried, when he heard his deliverer working at the lock.

"What on airth does all this mean?" asked the old man, when the door was open and the young fellow came out.

The prisoner's face was white, and his blue eyes looked out of it wild and scared. He sank down on the cellar stairs and rested a minute, he trembled so.

"Mother—she locked me in here night before last."

"What fur?"

"I told her I was goin' over to see Mary Anne. She kinder tried to git me off the notion, and didn't act as ef she cared much. But when I stuck to it I was goin', she got real upset. I didn't think she minded so much either. She wanted me to come down here an' bring her up some pork before I started, and she asked me pleasant enough. She must have come down after me like a cat; I didn't hear her. I was just getting the pork out of the barrel, when I heard the door bang to and the key turn. I'd left it in the lock. I hollered, but she wouldn't say a word. I kept screaming about all night and next day, but she wouldn't let me out, and I couldn't raise anybody else. I'd 'bout given it up when I heard you knock just now. See anything of mother when you come in?"

"No; I guess she's gone out somewhere. Ain't you hungry?"

"No; she left enough for me to eat. There were mince pies stored away there, and a lot of fruit cake. She knew I wouldn't starve. If I'd had a hatchet or something, I could have broken the door down, but I didn't have so much as a jack-knife. Oh!"

"Don't go to feelin' bad, Henry. Le's go up stairs."

"I can't help it. Seems as if I should go crazy—to think of mother doing such a thing!"

But he arose and went up the stairs in-
anely, with Doctor Ware following. They had been standing talking in the kitchen a moment, when they heard steps.

"That's mother," whispered Henry, and pulled his companion into the sitting-room. They stood there listening. They heard the door open and the sound of the steps across the kitchen floor. The cellar stairs creaked.

There was a cry from below, and the steps returned rapidly. Mrs. Adams walked into the sitting-room directly, as if she knew they were there.

"Henry!" she gasped.

Then she leaned back against the wall and looked at him.

Through all his life, Henry Adams had never seen fear in his mother's face. He saw it now.

"Mother," he said sternly, "I should like to have you tell me what you mean by such actions."

"I was jest comin' to let you out," she murmured feebly.

"What did you mean by doin' such a thing? Are you crazy?"

"No, I ain't, Henry. Don't be mad. I'll tell you all about it."

She looked at him with abashed, pleading eyes. His boyish face seemed strange to her. Mrs. Adams was a keen, shrewd woman; but one of the simplest of the facts in her daily life, which stood out before her glaringly, she had not noted: her son was no longer her property, but his own. She looked up at him, trembling. He was small, but taller than she.

"Oh, Henry, I was jest a-comin' down to let you out, Henry, I was! I'd been over to the neighborhood meetin', an' they got to talkin' 'bout her, 'bout Mary Anne, you know. I come right home to let you out. I didn't mean no harm no how. Only you're all I've got, and her folks ain't very forehanded, an' she's been petted, an' she ain't very strong. I thought mebbe you could do better."

"But I've been thinkin' of it over this afternoon," she continued, "an' I thought I wouldn't say anythin' more 'bout it. You could do jest as you was a mind to, an' I'd make the best of it. I was comin' right home to let you out. Henry, you ain't goin' to be set against me for it?"

"No, it's all right, mother; we won't say anything more about it."

"I'll give you a bottle of my blackberry wine to carry over to her when you go to-night. It'll do her good."

That night when it was dusk, after tea, Mary Anne and her mother were in the sitting-room by the window. Suddenly Mary Anne gave a little gasping cry:

"Oh, mother, here's Henry!"

Pretty soon the full moon rose. Doctor Ware came down from his chamber and found Mrs. Hatton by the window, leaning out cautiously, her face toward the front door. She drew her head in when he entered.

"Mary Anne's got company," she whispered, her lips trembling into smiles.

"Henry Adams."

"I know it. I think she seems consider'ble better. Well, I guess I'll say good-bye, Miss Hatton."

"You ain't goin'?"

"Well, yes; I orter be movin'. I've staid here 'bout long enough. I'm a-goin' to Mr. Thomas' to-night an' on to Somerset to-morrer. I see Thomas this artemoon. I thought 'twould be cooler goin' to-night. You kin tell your husband good-bye. I see him goin' down to the village."

"Yes, I'll tell him. Well, good-bye, Doctor Ware, if you feel as if you must go. I hope you'll feel free to come ag'in any time."

Before he had left the room, she was peeping from the window again, and straining to listen to the low murmur of voices on the doorstep. Her face was alive with the tenderest and sweetest curiosity.

The old herb-man, coming around the house from a side door, glanced at the young couple seated together under the green trellis. They must have seen him as he turned off down the lane, but they never spoke a word. The old man plodded on through the crisp dew-white grass, between the wet bushes, which were bushes of silver in the moonlight.

"When the sick folks get well, the doctor goes," he said to himself.

A PLAGUE OF CATS.

THERE are more cats in Egypt than in any other country in the world. Villages and cities abound with them. It is no uncommon sight to see twenty of them in an unfrequented corner engaged in their

customary pastimes. A curious feature of the Egyptian cat is that he fights and makes love in broad daylight and in the open street. He reserves the night, as do most civilized and rational people, for rest and sweet dreams.



DE MAN IN DE MOON LAS NIGHT

De man in de moon den erroun' las' night.
An' de sus' ting he know d he got he set tight.
Night!
Berry tight las' night—
De man in de moon las' night.

He a-walk'n kin' ca'less, stub he big toes.
Fall ag'in a cloud an' bloody he nose.

Nose!
Bloody he nose!
Bloody he nose las' night—
De man in de moon las' night.

Plicem'n slan'n by: "Now, sez he, wha yo' gwine?
J's min' t' tak yo' up 'fo' de jedge sei fine!"

Fine!
Fer a fine!
Fer a fine las' night—
De man in de moon las' night.

Man in de moon den he wink in he eye:
"J's a—hic," sez he, "hav'n fun in dis sky!"

Sky!
Fun in dis sky!
Fun in dis sky it' night—
De man in de moon las' night.

Plicem'n den ho say (an' he swing'n he stick):
"Jes' come along wif me! yo'm fuller'n a tick!"
Fuller'n a tick—
De man in de moon las' night.



A MYSTERY OF THE COLORADO DESERT.

BY GEORGE F. WEEKS.

FEW persons have a correct conception of the immense area and peculiar physical characteristics of that barren portion of southeastern California known as the Colorado Desert. It embraces almost the entire surface of San Bernardino county and part of the counties of Los Angeles Inyo, and Kern. In other words, it has an area of between thirty-five and forty thousand square miles, or more than the combined areas of New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Jersey. Bounded on the east by the Colorado river and on the west by the fertile foot-hills and valleys of the coast range, it is overlooked by the lofty peaks of San Bernardino and San Jacinto, from whose elevated summits can be had a wider and more extended view of desert on the one hand and fruitful orchard and vineyard on the other than is possible from any other mountains in the world.

The popular idea of a desert is not, however, borne out by an examination of this immense and almost uninhabited tract. There are, to be sure, vast stretches where the winds blow the shifting sands hither and thither, obliterating the tracks of man and beast almost as soon as made; but, besides these, there are thousands of acres of fertile soil needing only the baptism of water (they are now subject to that of fire) to yield all manner of fruits in an abundance elsewhere unknown. This has been amply demonstrated near the banks of the Colorado river, whence irrigating streams have been taken, as well as along the bases of the mountains to the west.

Rich mines of gold, silver, and other metals are found in the mountain ranges, while natural deposits of borax, soda, and salt cover vast expanses, needing only to be shoveled up and transported to market to yield their riches to their owner. Here may be seen a branch railroad, which, for lack of more suitable material, has been ballasted for several hundred yards with blocks of pure rock salt of almost crystalline clearness.

Here, also, many miles from either salt or fresh water, may be found the beach of an ancient ocean, and thickly scattered on hill and dale, once unmistakably forming the bottom of that forgotten sea, are found immense whalebones, millions of shells of all varieties, and great masses of coral, all telling more plainly than written book the tale of some gigantic convulsion of nature that has driven the waters back to their present bounds and left a dismal waste where once undoubtedly the ships of mariners of the long ago were wont to float.

Ever since the pioneer trappers worked their way down the Colorado river and across the Desert into Southern California, accounts have been heard and eagerly passed from mouth to mouth of fabulous riches of gold and silver that had been stumbled upon in the awful passage of the barren region. Men dying from thirst have made their way into the nearest settlements and there exhibited the nuggets of gold and masses of native silver that they had found.

Lured by the tales told by these wretched victims of hardship, men have repeatedly formed expeditions to discover the hiding-place of the fabulous treasures. Despite the fact of frequent failure and that many of their acquaintances have lost their lives most miserably from hunger and thirst, they have never seemed to tire of the search and have tempted the dreadful "Ogre of the Desert" for many years in the vain effort to unlock some of the secrets in his grasp.

Several years ago I became acquainted with one of these prospectors and his startling experience upon one of his Desert trips is full of interest and mystery.

On the occasion in question, he determined to extend his search over that part of the Desert that is several hundred feet below the sea level and that is seldom, if ever, visited by either white man or Indian. With a supply of provisions and canteens of water to last for several days, and mounted upon a horse accustomed to priva-

tions, he struck out from the little oasis of Indian Wells, in a southerly direction, and for some time climbed hills and traversed valleys where no signs of human presence were met with.

The daring prospector gradually worked his way southward for many miles, until finally all the well-known mountain landmarks familiar to the Desert habitués were lost sight of. Every indication of mineral of any kind was carefully examined, but nothing of apparent value was found, and finally the diminishing store of food and scant supply of water warned the plucky adventurer that it was time for him to make his way back to the nearest oasis on the old overland stage road to Arizona.

The section through which he had been traveling was of a hilly nature, but with no considerable elevations from which an idea might be formed of the general "lay of the land." He had become somewhat puzzled as to his exact location and the best route to take; but finally, sighting at a distance of several miles a hill much higher than the others, he pushed his weary horse toward it, hoping that he might from its summit be able to see some familiar peak in the far distant mountains towards which to make his way.

The hill turned out, upon being reached, to be an elevated portion of a long ridge, upon the opposite side of which evidently lay a valley of considerable magnitude. It was wearily climbed, and when the summit was reached the prospector beheld a sight that for a time banished all consciousness of his original purpose.

Stretched out at the foot of the ridge as far as the eye could see lay a perfectly level valley. Its surface was seemingly as smooth as a floor for miles on miles, while its appearance was of a most peculiar nature, being of an ashy whiteness and without a rock or protuberance of any kind to break the monotony of the dead level.

But, stay! What was that singular object a mile or more from the foot of the hill, rising like an islet in a glassy lake? He shaded his eyes with his hat-brim and looked again and again at it. If that were the ocean instead of a desert at his feet he would surely say that a vessel lay at anchor there. Surely no rock ever existed that so much resembled the handiwork of man. What could it be?

Slowly he rode down the hillside, determined upon getting a closer view of the strange object. At last the level was reached, and there, apparently less than a mile away, lay what was unquestionably the worn and battered hulk of an ancient vessel. The stumps of the masts still remained, while the high stern and peculiar shape of the entire ship betokened its ancient origin. The bulwarks seemed to have been partially carried away, probably by the falling of the masts, whose stumps projected ten or fifteen feet above the deck. But otherwise all the contour of the old hulk was perfect, though of a design vastly different from any that had ever been seen by the astonished discoverer.

It lay partially tipped to one side, as if it had drifted broadside upon a sandbank. In the clear atmosphere of that climate, where the distance seems to be reduced three-quarters, there could be no mistake. Beyond a doubt, there within easy reach lay the wreck of some long-forgotten vessel; what its cargo, where it hailed from, or whither it was bound being a secret whose possible solution lay within the wooden walls so temptingly near. Every fiber of the prospector's body thrilled with the discovery, and he pressed forward, eager to set foot on the time-worn deck.

At a short distance from the base of the hill, which, by the way, bore the marks of the beating of the waves in the long ago and was thickly strewn with shells and other evidences of marine life, the peculiar whitish-gray deposit that formed the surface of the valley was reached. The prospector, with all his faculties bent upon a close examination of this strange apparition in the Desert, urged his horse forward, but the ground broke beneath his weight, and then it was seen that the entire surface was but a crust, an inch or more in thickness, but not of sufficient strength to bear the weight of horse and rider. Underneath this crust was a dark-colored mixture of water and mud.

Still the rider forced his faithful horse to push on, though breaking through the crust at every step and gradually sinking deeper and deeper in the mire. Every step brought the strange ship closer, until there could be no room for doubt that here, indeed, many miles from river or bay, lay the remains of a gallant vessel, which in some pre-historic

time had sailed hither on exploration bent, only to be lost and remain for the bewilderment of the hardy prospector of the nineteenth century.

Horse and rider approached nearer and nearer, but finally the poor animal sank so deeply in the ooze that it became apparent that it was impossible to advance another step in the direction of the vessel, which now seemed almost within pistol shot.

Reluctantly the horse's head was turned toward the shore, which was finally reached after a hard struggle. The prospector dismounted and cast about for some means of reaching the wreck, which his imagination had by this time freighted with all manner of wealth. He attempted to make his way over the crust on foot, but he found that it gave way almost as readily as under the horse's hoofs, and so was obliged to abandon the attempt. Unable to devise any means for satisfying his curiosity by setting foot on the long-deserted deck that lay so temptingly near, he at last reluctantly decided to make haste for the nearest settlement and there organize a well-equipped expedition with every appliance necessary for reaching and making a thorough search of the stranded hulk.

But on turning to his horse, a most pitiable sight was seen. The poor animal's legs were raw and bleeding for the entire distance that had come in contact with the muddy deposit beneath the surface crust, and an examination showed that this deposit was so highly impregnated with alkali that it had eaten the horse's limbs almost to the bone, and consequently he was in no condition for further travel. The only thing to be done was mercifully to put the poor creature out of his sufferings, and a pistol ball soon ended the life of the faithful beast. The prospector was now left on foot to contend with the multitudinous and almost insurmountable difficulties that confronted him.

Lost on the Desert! No one that has not seen this country can form any conception of what these words mean. The sun beats down with pitiless force, without a welcome cloud to break its glare. The eyes ache and burn with staring at the great waves of heat that are seen monotonously and ceaselessly rising from the ground. The heat of the sand and rocks is felt through the thickest shoes, while the mouth and throat are

afire with thirst. And exceeding all are the mental tortures that the strongest and most self-possessed men cannot avoid, attendant upon the realization that one is indeed lost in the trackless wilderness. So maddening are these tortures that men have wandered from their companions and, though found in less than six hours, they have become insane from fear and thirst. So utterly bewildered do they become under such circumstances that they have laid down and died, or, worse still, committed suicide when within a few hundred yards of abundant supplies of water.

Imagine, then, the condition of this prospector: his horse dead, himself lost, and with scant supplies of water and food. However, he knew the general direction in which the old road across the Desert lay, and he knew, too, that if his strength only held out and he traveled far enough to the north, he was certain to reach assistance in time.

Three days later, though it may have been longer, since for a portion of the journey the poor fellow lost all knowledge of time, the keeper of a stage station in the center of the Desert saw a pitiable object stagger across the sand toward his shanty and fall fainting by the side of the little shed that covered the well, the only water for many miles in either direction.

It was the venturesome prospector that had discovered the wrecked vessel. His shoes were worn out, his feet were blistered and bleeding, his face was of a copper hue, and his tongue hung black and swollen from his mouth.

But the station-keeper had seen others in much the same plight; so he knew well how to restore life to the seemingly dead man. It was many days before the sufferer recovered consciousness fully. All the time he raved about the ship that he had seen in the midst of the Desert, but his nurse paid little attention to it, accustomed as he was to the vagaries of sufferers from thirst. When the prospector recovered so as to be able to travel, he was carried by stage to the San Bernardino valley, where he soon regained his strength, and then imparted to a few friends the strange discovery that he had made upon his trip.

Among others, the writer was told of the wonderful stranded ship, and curiosity was

aroused to the utmost. Many theories were advanced to account for its presence there. The most plausible explanation, and one easily within the bounds of belief, was that a long time ago some hardy mariner sailed northward along the Mexican coast on a voyage of discovery. Fearing to venture on unknown seas, he hugged the shore, never losing sight of land. When the Gulf of California was reached, instead of following the ocean line, he entered the Gulf, the southern extremity of the peninsula now known as Lower California not being in sight from the coast of the mainland opposite. Sailing on and on up the Gulf, which unmistakably at one time extended much farther northward than it now does, and had arms reaching up into what is now known as the Colorado Desert, the vessel missing the mouth of the Colorado river, was finally driven by storm or ran ashore where the prospector found it centuries later.

The writer, whose curiosity was greatly stimulated by the tale, consulted one of the old padres about it, and from him learned that in certain ancient historical volumes in his possession he had found an account of how some vessels laden with gold and all manner of valuable commodities in transit from the East Indies had been dispatched to the northward from Acapulco during the sixteenth century, in the expectation that a route would be found by which the valuable cargo might be taken directly to Spain, instead of being transported across the wilds of Mexico and re-shipped on the Atlantic coast. These ships had never after been heard from, and they disappeared as mysteriously from sight as the mirage of the desert.

It was entirely within the bounds of reason to suppose that one of these galleons, mistaking the Gulf of California for the wished-for passage, had finally been lost in what is now the Desert. At all events, there is enough to show that perhaps no more than three hundred years have elapsed since the recedence of the waters of the Gulf to their present bounds, and hence it requires

no violent stretch of the imagination to identify the wreck with one of the lost vessels and to load it with an imperishable store of gold and silver.

Three or four enthusiastic souls were enlisted, and it was proposed to make a systematic effort to reach the wreck. It was finally decided that the only feasible plan for overcoming the obstacles presented by the crust and the alkali of the valley was to employ broad, flat-bottomed boats made of sheet iron, such as duck-hunters occasionally use. These are made in sections and are easily transported long distances. A supply of light but strong rope was to be taken, and it was thought that it would be possible to "pole" the boat over the crust to the wreck without breaking through, since it would present a broad, resistant surface and sustain a considerable weight.

One end of the line was to be attached to the boat, and it would be paid out from the shore as progress was made. Once arrived at the vessel, a pulley was to be rigged, the line reeved through it, and then, after the end of the rope had been returned to shore again, the hauling of the boat back and forth would be an easy matter.

Calculations were made as to the amount of food and water necessary for the party and the teams that would be required to haul the outfit to the desired spot, and the entire plan certainly seemed most feasible. But the fact that for at least three days the discoverer had been suffering so severely as to be unable to tell in what direction he had been wandering after leaving the scene of the wreck; that he had taken little notice of the course followed in reaching it, thereby rendering the retracing of his steps exceedingly problematical; and that during that very season no less than fifteen persons were known to have lost their lives on the Desert, led finally to the abandonment of the scheme.

So the vessel lies there unvisited to this day, awaiting the advent of some daring adventurer that is willing to risk his life in the search.

A BOOK FOR PESSIMISTIC AMERICANS.

BY GEORGE C. BRAGDON.

MR. CARNEGIE'S "Triumphant Democracy"* is recommended to all Americans that doubt the future of America. It is written in a free, popular style, and of its many comparative statistics, drawn from many sources, the author says: "Every statement has been carefully verified and re-verified; every calculation has been gone over again and again."

Beginning with some remarkable totals, he finds that the thirty-seven millions increase of population in the United States during the fifty years between 1831 and 1881 was an addition to her numbers of as many as the present population of France and more than that of the United Kingdom. In 1850 the total wealth of the United States was \$8,430,000,000, while that of the United Kingdom was \$22,500,000,000; but thirty years more sufficed to reverse the positions, the Monarchy then having \$43,600,000,000 and the Republic over \$50,000,000,000.

In 1880 our manufactures were one-third greater than those of Great Britain, and our annual savings of £210,000,000 sterling exceeded hers by £56,000,000 and those of France by £70,000,000. The farms of America equal the entire territory of the United Kingdom, France, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Portugal. "Already the nations which have played great parts in the world's history grow small in comparison. In a hundred years more they will be as dwarfs, in two hundred years more as pigmies, to this giant."

We are congratulated because the American of to-day is more than four-fifths British in his ancestry, the other one-fifth being principally German. The small mixture of other races is considered an advantage, however; "for even the British race is improved by a slight cross."

Figures showing the value of immigration are given, and the conclusion is drawn from them that the national wealth is more enhanced by it annually than it would be by

all the products of all the gold and silver mines in the world. Can America absorb the stream of foreign peoples? She has fourteen inhabitants to the square mile, exclusive of Alaska; Great Britain has two hundred and ninety, and Belgium four hundred and eighty-two. The 11,500,000 added to our population from 1870 to 1880 was only three persons to the square mile, and should America continue to double her population every thirty years instead of every twenty-five as heretofore, seventy years must elapse before she will attain the density of Europe. The population will then be 290,000,000. If the density of Great Britain ever be attained there will be upwards of 1,000,000,000 Americans; for at present every American has forty-four acres and every Britain but two acres as his estate.

What a vast territory! Texas alone contains 33,000 more square miles than the Austrian empire, and 62,000 more than the German empire. All the world's cotton could be grown in Texas without greatly affecting its other productions. And the area of the whole United States, omitting Alaska, is eleven times greater than that of Texas, whose area is 50,000 square miles more than that now under cultivation in the whole country for the nine principal crops, consisting of grains, hay, cotton, and potatoes.

In 1830 the United States had no city with a population of a quarter of a million. There were then only fourteen towns with more than 12,000, and now there are one hundred and seventy-six such towns. New York proper, or the population under different municipal governments within a radius of eight miles of its city hall, had a population of 2,250,000 in 1880, and every decade adds half a million. It now ranks next to London among the cities of the globe, has doubled its population in half the time that London's was doubling, and the chances are that in 1920 New York will be ahead.

Of the fifty largest cities of the United States, the least with a population of 36,000 in 1880, fifteen had no existence in 1830. In

*TRIUMPHANT DEMOCRACY; OR, FIFTY YEARS' MARCH OF THE REPUBLIC. By Andrew Carnegie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

1831 Chicago was an Indian trading post, in 1840 her population was 4,500, in ten years more 30,000, in ten years more 112,000, and now it exceeds 700,000. Minneapolis increased its population from 47,000 in 1880 to 130,000 in 1885, or one hundred and seventy-six per cent. in five years. It is now the greatest wheat and flour market in the west. In 1884 its receipts of wheat were nearly three times as great as in 1880, aggregating 29,000,000 bushels. Three hundred million feet of lumber were cut by its saw-mills last year, besides 136,000,000 of lath and shingles. Other examples of like rapid city growth are familiar.

The conditions of life have improved with great rapidity. There are probably more millionaires in New York city to-day than there were men in the whole country worth \$100,000 in 1830, so fast has individual wealth accumulated. The middle and lower classes are better off than elsewhere; eat better and more varied food, dress better, live in better-furnished houses, have more privileges, more books and newspapers, and more luxuries generally. The appointments of the residences of the wealthy class excite the envy of foreigners.

Telephones, one of the late inventions, are used to an extent hardly dreamed of in Europe, saving time and labor enormously. Our public halls, theaters, hotels, commercial exchanges, insurance buildings, etc., are superior to those of other lands. Our postal system is equal in every respect to that of Europe. The census of 1880 shows that the number of persons pursuing gainful and reputable occupations was over 17,250,000, or thirty-four and one-half per cent. of the total population, a greater proportion than in 1870.

The proportion of school children to the population in 1881 was fifteen per cent., or double the European average and second only to the Prussian. But for the negro slaves of the south, it would have been twenty-two per cent., much beyond the Prussian average. America is the only country that spends more upon education than on war or preparation for war. Great Britain does not spend one-fourth as much, France not one-eleventh, and Russia not one-thirty-third as much on education as on the army. The United States spends nearly as much for education annually as the United King-

dom, France, Germany, Austria, and Russia combined. New York spends \$11,000,000 per annum on education. The percentage of inhabitants in the north among the native born unable to read and write does not exceed five per cent. The decrease of illiteracy in ten years is one of the surprising marks of the country's progress, being from 18.26 per cent. of males and 21.87 per cent. of females in 1870 to 7.8 per cent. of males and 11 per cent. of females in 1880.

Our paupers and criminals come mostly from the foreign-born population. Although this is but one-seventh of the whole population, it supplies thirty per cent. of the criminals. Britain has one pauper to thirty-four persons, and the United States only one to every two hundred persons, and of our registered paupers maintained at public expense more than one-third are foreigners.

In 1880 the United States stood at the head of the nations in agricultural and pastoral products. They were worth \$3,020,000,000; Russia's, \$2,545,000,000; Germany's, \$2,280,000,000; France's, \$2,220,000,000; and these stood first. It is inevitable that the difference in favor of the United States will be much greater at the end of the present decade.

Between 1850 and 1880 territory equal in extent to Great Britain and France combined was added to our cultivated area, and during the last year the sales of public lands to settlers exceeded 16,000,000 acres, an area as great as Belgium and Denmark combined. Nearly 3,000,000 of the 4,000,000 farms of the country are cultivated by the owners. The value of the farms increased thirty-seven per cent. between 1870 and 1880, which was seven per cent. greater than the increase of population. The cereal crop of 1880 was more than 2,500,000,000 bushels.

In 1860 our exports of wheat and flour averaged \$30,000,000 or \$40,000,000; in 1880 they were \$190,000,000, of which Great Britain alone received \$175,000,000. Of hay, the most valuable of all our crops, 36,000,000 tons were grown in 1880. The cotton crop of that year amounted to \$275,000,000, of which \$220,000,000 were exported, England taking nearly two-thirds. The value of the fruit crop of 1884 is put by Mulhall at \$2,721,500,000. Were all our live stock ranged five abreast, each animal occupying a space of five feet in length, and marched

round the world, the head and tail of the procession would lap.

We exported 400,000 tons of butter and 120,000 tons of cheese in 1880. The annual value of our dairy products is \$100,000,000. The exportation of living cattle commenced in 1870, and in 1880 was \$12,500,000. The exportation of fresh beef commenced in 1875 and in 1880 was \$7,500,000. In 1860 the amount of hams and bacon exported was only \$2,050,000; in 1880 it was \$50,000,000, Great Britain taking the greater part. The wool crop increased from 60,000,000 pounds in 1860 to 240,000,000 pounds in 1880.

Our manufacturing products are \$112 per inhabitant, ten times greater than fifty years ago. In 1850 the capital invested in manufactures was only eight per cent. of that in agriculture, in 1860 it was thirteen per cent., in 1870 nineteen per cent., and in 1880 twenty-three per cent. The value of the products of manufactures less raw materials was seventy-one per cent. of that of agricultural products in 1870, and eighty-nine per cent. in 1880. "So that, great as the growth of agriculture has been in America, and the world has never before seen the like, that of manufactures has been much greater." The annual product of each operative has advanced in value from \$1,100 in 1850 to \$2,015 in 1880, a result largely due to improvements in methods and machinery. The total manufactures advanced from \$1,060,000,000 in 1850 to \$5,560,000,000 in 1880, an increase of nearly 600 per cent. in thirty years. During the same period, the increase of British manufactures was little more than 100 per cent., and the total in 1880 was \$1,500,000 less than ours.

In 1870 the United States was much below France or Germany in the manufacture of steel, and ten years later she produced more than both these countries together. She now makes one-fifth the iron and one-fourth the steel of the world. The cotton manufactures of America have increased nearly three times as fast as those of the rest of the world, but Great Britain is still ahead. Thirty-one per cent. of our cotton was manufactured at home in 1881. Our woolen industry has increased three fold since 1860, and six times as fast as that of Great Britain, making our present annual product but little less than hers. Carpet manufacture increased eighty per cent. in the decade,

and more yards are now made in and around Philadelphia than in the whole of Great Britain.

The present daily yield of oil in the oil-producing district is 70,000 barrels, and the value of petroleum and its products exported in 1884 exceeds \$625,000,000. Our anthracite coal field in Pennsylvania is capable of furnishing 30,000,000 tons a year for 439 years. America has contributed more than fifty per cent. of the world's stock of gold, and of the entire output of silver during the last 500 years eighty-four per cent. has come from her mines. She also leads the world in copper. The Republic now supplies one-fourth the lead, one-fourth the copper, one-third the silver, and one-half the gold of the world.

The home commerce of America compared with her foreign commerce is as twenty-one to one, and is six times greater than the whole of Britain's gigantic commerce. In spite of our tariff, we import more British goods than any other people, and about as many as Germany and France combined.

The American railway system, starting fifty-five years ago, reached in 1885, 128,000 miles of lines, more than the entire railway system of Europe. In 1880 we built more miles of railroad than the whole of the rest of the world. In no other country is travel so comfortable and luxurious as here.

Art and music have made wonderful progress here in recent years. In landscape and marine painting and portraiture our artists compare favorably with those of Europe. Our wood engraving is the best in the world. Competent foreigners pronounce the Thomas orchestra superior to that of Richter in London or any other in Europe.

Our periodical literature is immense, and we print the best newspapers in the world. More copies of Harper's and the Century Magazines are sold in Great Britain than of any British monthly of equal price. Of 23,000 newspapers in the world, about half are American. Literature and the book trade in the United States have increased ten times as fast as the population. In 1884 more than 4,000 books were published here. The amount we annually spend on books and newspapers is \$90,000,000, as against \$80,000,000 spent by Great Britain. The standard publications of that country have a better sale here than there. It is estimated

that there are 23,000 school libraries in America, containing 45,000,000 books, 12,000,000 more than all the public libraries of Europe combined. Other educational establishments increase this number by 2,500,000, and thirty-eight state libraries contribute over 1,000,000 more.

But we are limited to a few of Mr. Carnegie's more striking statements illustrative of American resources, progress, and prospects. An adopted son, he delights in our

government, institutions, people, and country, and has the most enthusiastic confidence in their future. He says: "One has only to have faith in the Republic. She never yet betrayed the head that trusted or the heart that loved her." He also says: "Never will the British artisan rival the American until from his system is expelled the remains of serfdom and into his veins is instilled the pure blood of exalted manhood."

THE POPE'S MULE.

[LETTERS FROM MY MILL.]

BY ALPHONSE DAUDET.

OF all the pretty sayings, proverbs, or adages with which the peasants of Provence adorn their discourse, I know of none more picturesque or more singular than this. For fifteen leagues around my mill, when they speak of a spiteful or vindictive person, they say: "That man there, look out for him; he is like the pope's mule that treasured up a kick seven years."

I have sought a long time for the origin of this saying, as well as the nature of this papal mule and the kick that he held in waiting so persistently. No one here has been able to enlighten me on this subject, not even Francet Mamaï, my fife-player, who has, however, all the legends of Provence at the ends of his fingers. Francet thinks as I do, that it has for basis some ancient tradition of the country of Avignon; but he has never heard it spoken of otherwise than in the proverb.

"You will find that only in the Cicalas' library," the old fifer said to me, laughing. The idea seemed to me good, and, as the Cicalas' library is at my door, I proceeded to shut myself up in it during eight days. It is a wonderful library, admirably furnished, open to the poets day and night, and served by tiny librarians with cymbals, which make music all the time.

I passed some delicious days there, and after a week of research (on my back), I finished by finding what I wanted; namely, the history of my mule and of that famous kick kept in reserve for seven years. The story is pretty, although a little naïve, and I

am going to try to tell it to you just as I read it yesterday morning in a manuscript colored like the season, that smelled strongly of dry lavender and was held together with long filaments of spider web.

He who has not seen Avignon at the time of the popes has seen nothing. For gaiety, life, animation, for the course and richness of the festivities, no city ever equaled it. From morning until evening, it was processions, pilgrimages, streets littered with flowers, hung with lofty tapestry, arrivals of cardinals by the river Rhone, banners floating in the wind, galleys decked with flags, soldiers of the pope singing in Latin in the public squares, the rattles of the begging friars; then, from top to bottom, houses that pressed upon one another, humming about the great papal palace like bees around their hive; it was the continuous tic-tac of the lace-looms, the going and coming of shuttles weaving the gold of the chasubles, the little hammers of the cruet-carvers, the sounding-boards re-adjusted at the lute-makers, and the canticles of the spinners; added to this, the noise of the bells, and all the while some tambourine or other that could be heard rumbling down yonder near the bridge.

For with us when people are contented they must dance, they must dance; and as at that time the streets were too narrow for the *farandole*, fifers and tambourine players were posted on the bridge of Avignon where the wind blew fresh from the Rhone, and day and night the people danced and danced.

Ah, happy time! happy city! Halberds that did not cut; prisons of state where the wines were put to cool! Never any taxes; never any war! That is how the popes of the Comtat understood governing; that is why their people regretted them so much.

There was one of them especially, a good old fellow, whom they called Boniface. Oh, what tears were shed in Avignon when he died. He was such an amiable prince, so agreeable! He would laugh at you so benignly from the back of his mule, and when you passed near him, were you a poor little puller of madder or the grand provost of the city, he would give you his blessing so civilly. A veritable pope of *Yvetot*, but of a *Yvetot* of Provence with something fine in his laugh, a sprig of marjorum in his cap, and not the slightest sign of a *Jeannelton*. The only *Jeannelton* that he was ever known to have was his vineyard, a small vineyard that he had planted himself about three leagues from Avignon, among the myrtles of Châteauneuf.

Every Sunday on his way to vespers the worthy man would go and pay it his court; and when he was up there seated under the warm sun, his mule near him, his cardinals all around him, stretched out at the feet of the vine-stocks, then he would have uncorked a flagon of wine of that growth, that wine the color of rubies, called since, the Pope's Châteauneuf, and he would sample it in little sips, looking at his vines with an air of tenderness. Then, the flagon being empty and the day declining, he would return joyously to the city, followed by his entire chapter; and when he passed over the bridge of Avignon in the midst of the thrumming and dancing, his mule put in train by the music would change her gait to a little springing amble, while he himself would keep time to the step of the dance with his *barreta*, a procedure that used to scandalize the cardinals exceedingly, but that made the people say: "Ah, the good prince! Ah, the noble Pope!"

After his vineyard of Châteauneuf, what the Pope loved the best in the world, was his mule. The worthy man doted on that beast. Every evening before going to bed he would go to see if its stable was securely closed, and to assure himself that its manger was fully supplied, and never would he rise from table without having prepared

under his own eyes a great bowl of wine *à la Française*, with much sugar and spices, which he would go and carry to her himself, in defiance of the observations of his cardinals.

It is right to say, also, that the beast was worth the trouble. She was a handsome black mule flecked with red, sure-footed, smooth-coated, with a broad and full back, carrying proudly her little spare head all harnessed in trinkets—knots of ribbon, silver bells and bows. Moreover, she was as gentle as an angel, with eyes innocently expressive, and two large ears that were ever in motion, giving her an air of good fellowship. All Avignon respected this mule, and when she was on the streets there was no attention that was not shown her; for everyone knew that it was the surest means of currying favor, and that in spite of her innocent air she had brought good fortune to more than one of them; witness Tistet Védène and his prodigious adventure.

Tistet Védène was originally an impudent rogue that his father Guy Védène, the goldsmith, had been obliged to expel from his house because he would not do anything but debauch the apprentices. During six months he was seen dragging his jacket in all the streams of Avignon, but principally in the neighborhood of the papal residence; the rascal for a long time had his idea with regard to the Pope's mule and you will see that it was something malicious.

One day as His Holiness was taking the air all alone with his mule, who is it but my Tistet that approaches him and says to him, joining his hands with an appearance of admiration:

"Ah, my God! Great Holy Father, what a fine mule you have there! Let me look at her a little. Ah, my Pope, what a beautiful mule! The Emperor of Germany has not her equal."

And he fondled her, and spoke gently to her, as to a young girl:

"Come here, my jewel, my treasure, my dainty pearl."

And the good Pope said within himself:

"What a nice little boy! How good he is to my mule!"

And then do you know what happened the next day? Tistet Védène exchanged his old yellow jacket for a beautiful alb of lace, a camail of violet silk, and shoes with

buckles, and he entered the household of the Pope, where before him none had been received but the sons of noblemen and nephews of cardinals. See what intriguing will do! But Tistet didn't stop there.

Once in the service of the Pope, the rascal continued the game that had thus far succeeded so well. Insolent to all the world, he had nothing but attentions and kindness for the mule, and he could be met with at all hours of the day in the courts of the palace with a fistful of oats or a bunch of sainfoin, the red berries of which he would shake gently, looking up at the balcony of the Holy Father with an air as if to say: "Hein! for whom is this?"

Little by little, at last the Pope, who began to feel that he was growing old, left to him the care of looking after the stable and carrying to the mule her bowl of wine *à la Française*; which did not seem to cause the cardinals much amusement.

No more did it amuse the mule. Now, at the hour for her wine she would see coming to her stable five or six little clerics of the household who would hide away in the straw with their camails and lace. Then in a moment a fine warm odor of caramel and of spices would fill the stable and Tistet Védène would appear, carrying carefully the bowl of wine *à la Française*. Then the martyrdom of the poor beast would commence.

This spiced wine that she loved so much, that used to keep her warm and give her wings, they had the cruelty to bring to her there in the stall and let her inhale it. Then when she had filled her nostrils with it, presto, pass! The excellent liquor of rosy glow would all disappear in the gullets of these bad boys.

And yet if they had not done any more to her than steal her wine; but all these little clerics when they had drunk the wine were like devils! One of them pulled her ears, another her tail. Quiquet would mount on her back, Béluguet would try his cap on her, and not one of the young rogues considered that with a hump of her back or a prod of her heels the noble animal could have sent them all to the North Star and even farther.

But no! It is not for nothing that one is the Pope's mule, the mule of his benedictions and indulgences. The children could

do what they pleased; she would not get angry; and she kept it in solely for Tistet Védène. For instance, when she felt him behind her, her hoof would itch for him, and, indeed, it was no puny member. That good-for-nothing of a Tistet would play her such scurvy tricks! He had such cruel inventions when in liquor!

Didn't he one day take it into his head to make her ascend with him into the belfry, up yonder, away up yonder in the palace steeple. And what I tell you is no yarn; two hundred thousand Provençals saw it. Imagine to yourself the terror of that unhappy mule, when, after having blindly corkscrewed around like a snail in the stairway for half an hour, and climbed I don't know how many steps, she found herself all of a sudden on a platform glittering with light; and when she saw, a thousand feet below her, a fantastic Avignon, the booths of the market-place no bigger than hazel nuts, the Pope's soldiers before the barracks, looking like red pismires, and down yonder, a microscopic bridge on a thread of silver, where the folks were dancing and dancing. Alas, poor animal! What a fright! With the cry that she uttered, every pane of glass in the palace trembled.

Tistet Védène was already in the courtyard making believe to weep, and tearing his hair.

"Ah, Holy Father, what is to be done? There is your mule. My God! what will become of us? There is your mule up in the belfry!"

"All alone?"

"Yes, Holy Father, all alone. Hold! look up yonder! Don't you see the tips of her ears moving? One would say they were two swallows!"

"God help us!" cried the poor Pope, raising his eyes. "But has she, then, lost her senses? But she is going to get killed! Won't you come down, unhappy beast?"

Alas! She wouldn't like anything better than to come down; but how? It was no use to think of the stairs. Such things are well enough to go up on; but when it came to coming down, it would have been enough to break her legs a hundred times over and over. The poor mule was troubled exceedingly; and all the time meandering around on the platform with her dilated eyes full of vertigo, she was thinking of Tistet Védène.

"Ah, rascal, if I get out of this scrape, look out for my hoof to-morrow morning!"

This idea of the kick in store for him put her-legs somewhat in heart. Without that she would not have been able to keep herself up.

Finally they succeeded in fetching her down; but it was quite an arduous undertaking. It was found necessary to make use of a pulley, ropes and a litter for the purpose. And just think of the humiliation for the Pope's mule, to see herself suspended at such a height, swimming with her paws in the void, like a June-bug at the end of a string. And all Avignon was looking at her!

The unfortunate beast did not sleep at night. She seemed to be turning around all the time on that accursed platform, with the laughter of the entire city underneath her. Then she would think of that infamous Tistet Védène and of the elegant kick she had for him. The people would see the smoke of it as far as Pampeluna!

Well, while she was preparing this fine reception for him in the stable, do you know what Tistet Védène was doing? He was descending the Rhone singing, in a papal galley, going to the Court of Naples with a bevy of young nobles that the city sent every year to Queen Jeanne to be exercised in good manners and diplomacy. Tistet was not noble; but the Pope insisted on recompensing him for the tender care he had shown his beast, and chiefly for the activity he had just displayed on the day of salvage.

That was a disappointed mule the next day.

"Ah! the rascal, he had an inkling of something!" she thought, shaking her bells with rage; "but, all right, go, bad sixpence! You shall find your kick on your return. I will keep it for you."

And she did keep it for him.

After Tistet's departure, the Pope's mule entered again into the tranquil life and habits of former times. No more Quiquets, no more Béluguets at the stable. The pleasant days of the wine *à la Française* were returned, and with them the easy frame of mind, the long siestas, and the little jiggling pace when she passed over the bridge of Avignon. However, since her adventure, she was received with a little coolness in the city. There were whisperings on her route; the old folks would shake their heads, and

the children would laugh, and point at the belfry. The good Pope himself did not have as much confidence in his friend as formerly, and when he was going to allow himself a short nap on her back, on a Sunday while musing of his vineyard, he had always this afterthought: "What if I should wake up on that platform!" The mule saw this and it pained her, though she said nothing; only when Tistet Védène's name was pronounced before her, her ears would tremble and with a little laugh she would sharpen her iron shoes on the pavement.

Seven years elapsed in this manner; then at the end of these years Tistet Védène returned from the Court of Naples. His time there had not as yet expired; but he had learned that the first mustard bearer to the Pope had just died suddenly at Avignon, and, as the place appeared to him a good one, he had returned in great haste to put himself among the aspirants for the position.

When this intriguer of a Védène entered the palace hall the Holy Father could scarcely recognize him, he had grown so large and so tall. It may be well to mention also that the Pope was getting old on his side, and that he did not see very well without spectacles.

Tistet did not feel discouraged.

"How! Holy Father, don't you know me any more? It is I, Tistet Védène!"

"Védène?"

"Why, yes! You know, he who used to carry the wine *à la Française* to your mule."

"Ah! yes, yes, I recollect. A good little boy was this Tistet Védène. And now, what does he wish of us?"

"Oh! very little, Holy Father. I came to ask you—by the way, have you your mule still? And is she well? Ah! so much the better! I came to ask you for the place of the first mustard bearer, who has just died."

"First mustard bearer, you! But you are too young. How old are you, pray?"

"Twenty years and two months, illustrious pontiff, exactly five years more than your mule. Ah! Lord, what a noble animal! If you knew how I loved that mule; how I pined for her in Italy! If you would only give me permission to see her!"

"Yes, my child, you shall see her," said the good Pope, quite moved. "And since you love that excellent animal so much, I

do not wish you to live away from her any more. From this day I attach you to my person in quality of first mustard bearer. The cardinals will make a fuss, but I can't help it; I am used to that. Come to see us to-morrow at the end of Vespers; we will clothe you with the insignia of your rank in the presence of our chapter. Then, I shall take you to see the mule, and you shall accompany both of us to the vineyard. Ha! Ha! There! Go!"

If Tistet Védène was content on leaving the grand hall, I have no occasion to tell you with what impatience he awaited the ceremony of the next day. Nevertheless, there was some one in the palace still more happy and still more impatient than he. This was the mule. From the return of Védène until the next day at Vespers this terrible animal did not cease stuffing herself with oats and letting out at the wall with her hind legs. She also was getting herself ready for the ceremony.

And so the next day when Vespers were said, Tistet Védène made his entrée into the papal palace. All the high clergy were there, the cardinals in red robes, the devil's advocate in black velvet, the abbés of the monasteries in their little mitres, the wardens of Saint Agricola, the violet camails of the household, the lower clergy also, the Pope's soldiers in rich uniform, the three brotherhoods of the penitents, the recluses of Mt. Ventoux, with their ferocious aspect, and the little cleric who goes behind carrying the bell, the flagellant-friars naked to the waist, the sacristans blooming in the robes of judges, all, all, even to the sprinklers of holy water, and the one that lights the taper and the one that extinguishes it. Not one was lacking. Ah! it was a beautiful ordination! Bells, firecrackers, the sun, the music, and all the time the furious tambourines that lead the dance down there on the bridge of Avignon.

When Tistet Védène appeared in the midst of the assembly, his noble port and fine

presence excited a murmur of admiration. He was a magnificent looking Provençal, but blonde, with long hair curled at the end, and a dainty little beard that seemed formed of the shavings of the precious metal falling from the engraving chisel of his father, the goldsmith. The report was current that the fingers of Queen Jeanne had sometimes played with this blonde beard; and in fact the Sieur de Védène had the vainglorious air and far-away look that men have who have been loved by queens. That day in honor of his nation he had exchanged his Neapolitan dress for a jacket trimmed in rose color according to the Provençal manner, and on his headgear nodded the tall feather of an ibis of Camargue.

As soon as he had entered, the first mustard bearer made his salutations with a gallant air, and walked toward the lofty flight of steps of the entrance, where the Pope was waiting to invest him with the insignia of his rank: the yellow boxwood spoon and the saffron colored robe.

The mule was at the bottom of the stairway, all harnessed and ready to depart for the vineyard. When he passed near her, Tistet Védène had a benignant smile on his lips and stopped to give her two or three little friendly pats on the back, looking all the while out of the corner of his eyes to see if the Pope noticed him. The position was good. The mule drew herself in.

"There! take it, rascal! I have kept it for you seven years!"

And she let fly at him a kick so terrible, so terrible, that the smoke of it was seen as far as Pampeluna, a whirlwind of blonde smoke with an ibis feather gyrating in the midst of it. That was all that was left of the unfortunate Tistet Védène.

The kick of a mule's hoof is not ordinarily so tremendous in its effects; but this was a Pope's mule; and then, think of it, she had kept it for him seven years. There is no more beautiful example of ecclesiastical rancor.

THE GOLDEN-WING.

BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

ONE of the special objects of my search during a certain June among the hills of Northern New York was a nest of the Golden-winged woodpecker; not that it

is rare or hard to find, but because I had never seen one and had read attractive stories of the bird's family relations, the large number of young in the nest, and his devo-

tion and pride. Moreover, I had become greatly interested in the whole family, through my attachment to an individual member of it in my own house.

I soon discovered that the orchard at the back of the house was visited every day by a pair of the birds I was seeking. One was seen running up and down a trunk of a large poplar tree, and the next morning two alighted on a dead branch at the top of an apple tree, perching like other birds on twigs, which seemed too light to bear their weight. But they were apparently satisfied with them; for they stayed some time, pluming themselves and evidently looking with interest and astonishment at human intruders into what had no doubt been a favorite haunt of their own. I watched them for several minutes, till a sudden noise startled the shy creatures and they were off in an instant.

After that I saw them often at the bottom of the orchard. They always flew over the place with rather a heavy, business-like flight, alighted on a low branch of the farthest apple tree, and in a moment dropped to the ground where the long grass hid them. There they remained five minutes or more before returning to the tree. Unfortunately it was a little farther than I could readily see with my glass, and the most cautious approach alarmed them. I heard them call nearly every day in loud, strong voice, "Pe-auk! Pe-auk!"

Being thus baffled in my plan of following them home, I resolved upon a regular search in the small piece of woods where they always disappeared, and every morning I spent two or three hours in that lovely spot looking for any birds, but especially for the Golden-wing. In all my search, however, I found but one nest, which may have been his, where apparently a tragedy had occurred; for from the edge of the opening the bark was torn off down the trunk, and in two or three places holes were picked, as though to reach the nest which had been within.

Whatever the drama enacted in that mysterious home, I was too late to see, and I have not been able as yet to make close acquaintance with the free Golden-wing.

The bird that had so interested me in his whole family I found in a bird store in New York in the month of November. He was a

most disconsolate-looking object, and so painfully wild I could scarcely bear to look at him—poor, shy, frightened soul, set up in a cage to be stared at. I rescued him at once with the intention of giving him a more retired home, and freedom the moment Spring opened. The change did not at first reassure him, and he was so frantic that his cage was covered to shut out the sights till he was accustomed to the sounds of a household. Gradually, an inch or two at a time, the cover that hid the world from him was reduced, till at the end of three weeks he could endure the removal of the last corner without going absolutely mad.

On the first day an opening a few inches wide was left in his screen, so that he might look out if he chose, and I took my seat as far as possible from him, with my back to him, and a hand-glass so arranged that I could see him. As soon as the room was quiet he went to the opening and cautiously thrust his long bill, and his head as far as the eye beyond the edge so that he could see me. I kept perfectly still, while he watched me several minutes with evident interest, and I was glad to see that it was simply fright and not idiocy that caused his panics.

Many emotions of the bird were most comically expressed by hammering. In embarrassment or alarm, when not so great as to drive him wild, he resorted to that diversion, and the more disturbed, the louder and faster his blows. If in utter despair, as when I set his house in order for the day, he dropped to the floor on the farthest side, put his head in the corner, and pounded the tray with great violence. Every wire in the cage in turn, he tested with taps of his beak, thus amusing himself hours at a time, sitting as was his custom crouched upon the perch or the floor. In this way, too, he tried the quality of the plastered wall behind his cage, and was evidently pleased to find it yielding, for he bored many holes and tore off much paper before he was discovered and provided with a background of wood to exercise upon.

The unhappy bird had a serious time learning to eat mocking-bird food with his long, curved beak; he never became very expert at it, but was as awkward as a child learning to feed itself. He first thrust it like a dagger its whole length into his dish, took out a mouthful, then turned his head

sidewise, shook it and snapped his bill one side and the other, making a noise as if choking. When this performance was over, he scraped his beak against the wires and picked off the fragments daintily with the tip. When he had eaten he left a straight, smooth hole in the food, like a stab, two inches deep and perhaps half an inch in diameter. In drinking, he made the same movements, filling his mouth, throwing back his head, and swallowing with great efforts.

All of the Golden-wing's attitudes were peculiar; as, for instance, he never liked to face one, but always turned his back upon spectators, and looked at them over his shoulder. In sleeping he changed his position often, and was as restless as a nervous old man. Sometimes he slept on the perch, puffed out into a ball like other birds, head buried in his feathers, tail broad-spread and curled under the perch, as though it needed something to rest against. If he began his night's rest (or unrest) in this position, in a few hours he would drop heavily to the floor, scramble about a little, and then climb to one of the supports that kept the wires in place, ten inches from the bottom of the cage. There he settled himself comfortably, head buried again, tail pressed against the wires, and looking more like a spot on the wall than a bird.

He often took naps in the day time on the floor with his head in the corner, like a bad boy in punishment, his head drawn down into his shoulders and his bill thrust up into the air at an angle of forty-five degrees. If this tired him, he simply turned his bill down at about the same angle, and tried it that way awhile.

He was an exceedingly early bird, always settled to sleep long before any other in the room, and he slept very soundly, being not easily wakened, and breathing in long, steady respirations like a person in sleep. Indeed, he startled me very much the first time I noticed him. The breathing was regular and strong, equal in duration to my own as I listened, and I was sure some one was in the room. I hastened to light the gas to look for the burglar, and it was not until I had made thorough search that I discovered who was the guilty one. He dreamed also, if one may judge by the sounds that came from his cage at night,

complaining, whining, almost barking like the "yaps" of a young puppy, and many sorts of indescribable noises.

The Golden-wing was extremely fond of hanging against the side of his cage on the support spoken of above. Not only did he sleep in that position, but dress his plumage, turning his head back over his body and sides, and even arranging the feathers of his breast, each one by itself, with scrupulous care. Like many others this bird objected to having his cage used as a perch by his neighbors. He expressed his sentiments by quick jerks, first of the shoulders and then of the whole body, and if the intruder did not take the hint, he opened his enormous bill and took hold of a stray toe, which usually drove away the most impertinent.

The door of the cage was opened to my captive as soon as he became quiet and happy within it. After his first surprise and dismay at finding himself in the big world again, he enjoyed it very much. Being unable to fly through the loss of some wing feathers, his cage was placed on the floor, and he ran in and out at pleasure. He was more than usually intelligent about it, too; for although the door was small, and he had to lower his head to pass through, he was never at a loss for an instant.

One thing that shows a bird's characteristics and that I have never seen any two do in exactly the same way, is to explore a room when first released from a cage. This bird, like his predecessors, had his own peculiar notion, which was to go behind everything. He squeezed himself between a trunk, or a heavy piece of furniture, and the wall where it did not seem possible that one of his size could pass, and showed so great an inclination to go through a hole in the open-work fire-board that I hastily covered it up. After a while he tested the matting and carefully investigated by light taps of his bill, each separate nail. His step was heavy, and he did not hop, but ran around with a droll little patter of the feet, like a child's footsteps.

Having exhausted the novelty of the floor he turned his eyes upward, perhaps noticing that the other birds were higher in the room, where they had taken refuge when he made his sudden and somewhat alarming appearance among them. He did not try

to fly, but he was not without resources; he could jump, and no one could outdo him in climbing, or in holding on. After a moment's apparent consideration of the means at his command, he ran to the corner, and mounted a trunk by springing up half way, holding on a moment in some mysterious manner, and then by a second jump landing on top. From that point it was easy to reach the bird's table, and thence a ladder went up for the benefit of another that could not fly. This ladder he at once pounced upon, and used as if he had practiced on one all his life.

I shut the cage door at the upper end to keep him out of his neighbor's house, while the owner, an American wood-thrush, stood upon the roof, looking ruefully at this appropriation of his private property. Upon reaching the closed door the traveler jumped across to another cage nearly a foot away. This was a small affair occupied by an English goldfinch, which was then at home and not pleased by the call, as he at once made known. Golden-wing, however, perhaps with the idea of returning past insults from the saucy little finch, jerked himself all around the cage, inserting his long bill as though trying to reach something inside.

Having wearied of annoying the enemy, he sprang back to the ladder, descended by the table and trunk to the floor as he had gone up, without a moment's hesitation as to the way, which proved him to possess unusual intelligence. He did not take the trouble to climb down, but put his two feet together and jumped heavily like a child, a very odd movement for a bird. It was his constant habit in the cage to jump from the perch to the floor, and from one that was two inches above the tray he often stepped down backwards, which I never before saw a bird do.

When, after three hours of exploration he returned to his home, the door was closed and the cage hung up. He was satisfied with his first outing, and refreshed himself with a nap at once. But the first thing the next morning he came down to his door and pecked the wires, looking over at me most intelligently, plainly asking to have it opened. He never mistook the position of the door, and if knocking had not the desired effect, he took hold of a wire and shook and rattled it till he was attended to.

It was interesting to see how familiar he suddenly became, when no effort had been made to induce him to be so. I never had so much trouble to win the confidence of a bird, but when won, the surrender was complete. He came up to me freely and allowed me to catch him in my hand without resistance, which is very uncommon. (Perhaps I ought to say that I do not try to tame my birds.) He displayed a child-like, confiding disposition, both in his unreasoning terror at first, and his unquestioning faith at last.

These investigations were conducted without a sound, for the bird was entirely silent while awake. But there came a day when he made a curious exhibition of his ability. It was the ninth of February, and the goldfinch was calling, as he often did. The woodpecker sat on his perch with wings held tightly against his sides, "humped" up as though he were high-shouldered. The plumage of his breast was puffed out so broadly that it came over the wings, and in a front view completely hid them, while the feathers of his shoulders were erected till he resembled a lady with a fur shoulder cape. Withal, his head was drawn down to his body, and his beak pointed upward at an angle of forty-five degrees. In this peculiar and absurd position he began a strange little song, ludicrously weak and low for a bird of his size. The tones were delivered in a sharp, staccato style, like "picking" the strings of a violin very softly, several notes uttered with queer sidewise jerks of the head, and eyes apparently fixed on the goldfinch. After a phrase or two he scraped his bill violently and then began again.

This performance he varied by bowing his head many times, swaying his whole body from side to side, flirting his tail and shaking his wings. It was an extraordinary display, but whether his manner of making himself agreeable, or of expressing contempt, I could only guess. The goldfinch looked on with interest, though I think he understood it no better than I did; he seemed surprised, but rather pleased, for he repeated his calls, and the Golden-wing kept up the strange exhibition for some time.

I became greatly attached to my beautiful bird, which appeared, in the presence of his wise and wary room-mates, cat-birds and thrushes, like a big, clumsy, but affection-

ate baby. It was solely on his account and principally, I must confess, to try and surprise a wild bird at the above described entertainment so as to determine its character, that I wished to make acquaintance with its

free relatives, study their ways when at liberty and in their own haunts, and have a glimpse if possible of the Golden-wing babies.

GUNILDE.

By A. C. E.

ABOUT fifty years ago two laborers drew out of a turf-moor in Jutland the well-preserved remains of a woman. The long blonde hair, held together with a band, was as soft as silk. The body was wrapped in a costly fur mantle embroidered with gold and silver and attired in a woolen garment, also cunningly embroidered.

From these circumstances it was inferred that the unfortunate must have been a lady of high rank. The finding of this body excited universal comment, especially since through it, according to the opinion of antiquarians the Saga of Gunilde, which had given the name Gunilde's Moor to the place, was confirmed. In this moor the remains of the beautiful and unhappy consort of Eric Bloodyxa (Eric of the bloody axe) had lain nearly nine hundred years. The body of the much-to-be-compassionated Norwegian queen was buried and her hair and clothing were deposited in the Scandinavian museum.

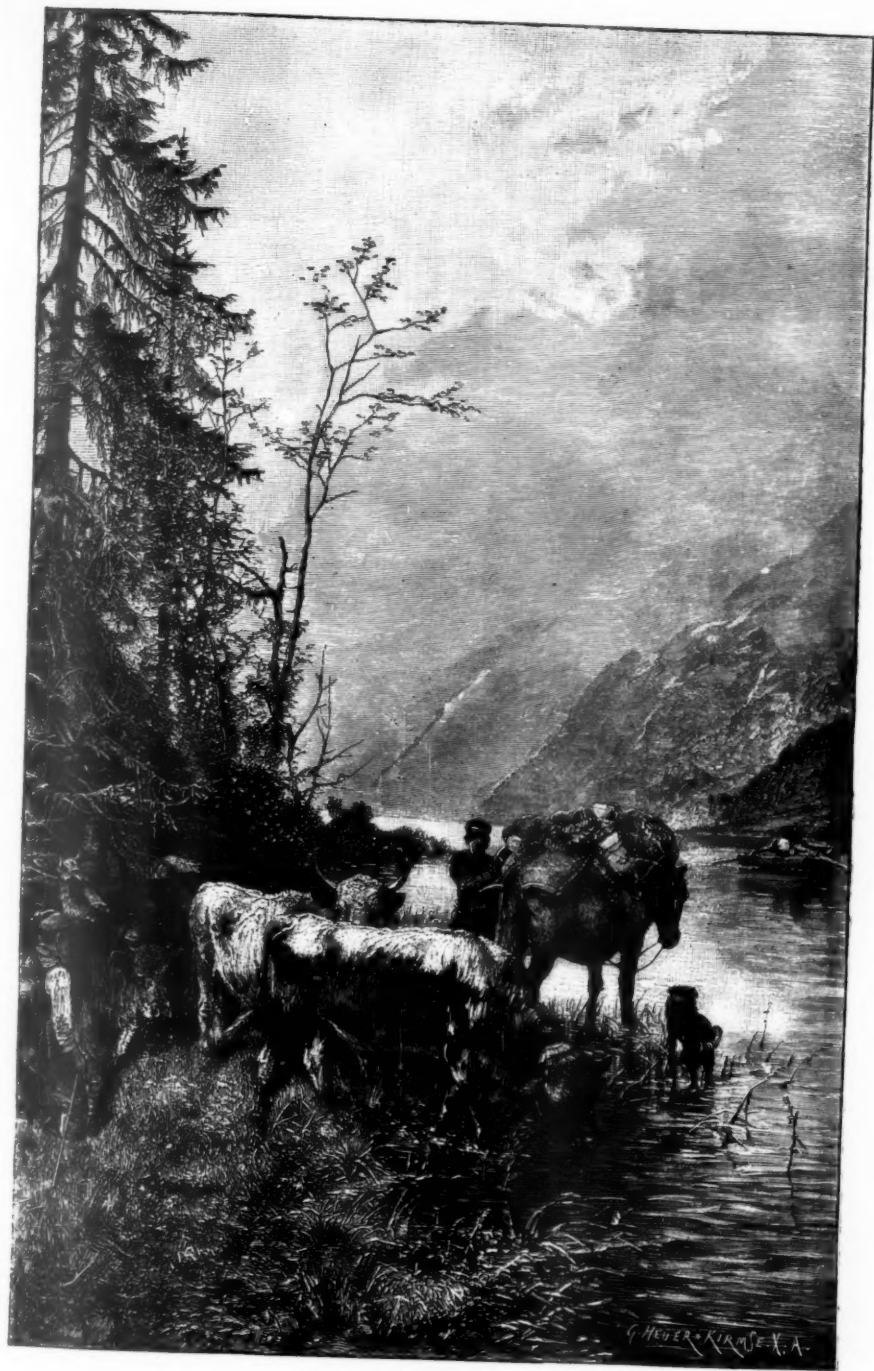
The Saga is as follows: In the year of Christ 950, Eric Bloodyxa reigned in Norway. He was, however, driven from the throne of his fathers by a rising of the people, and fled with his consort Gunilde and his son Harold Graafell (Grayskin) from the country. They went to England, where they were afterwards baptised and received into the bosom of the Christian church. After several years sojourn in Albion the yearning for their beloved fatherland drove them back over the sea.

But their enemies were too powerful, Eric Bloodyxa lost his life, and his beautiful widow Gunilde with her son took refuge in Denmark, where they were received hospitably by Harold Blaataud (Bluetooth) the king of that country. Assisted by Harold Blaataud, Gunilde reconquered Norway and placed the crown on the head of her son. But this angered sorely the King of Denmark. "Not to set this boy on the throne

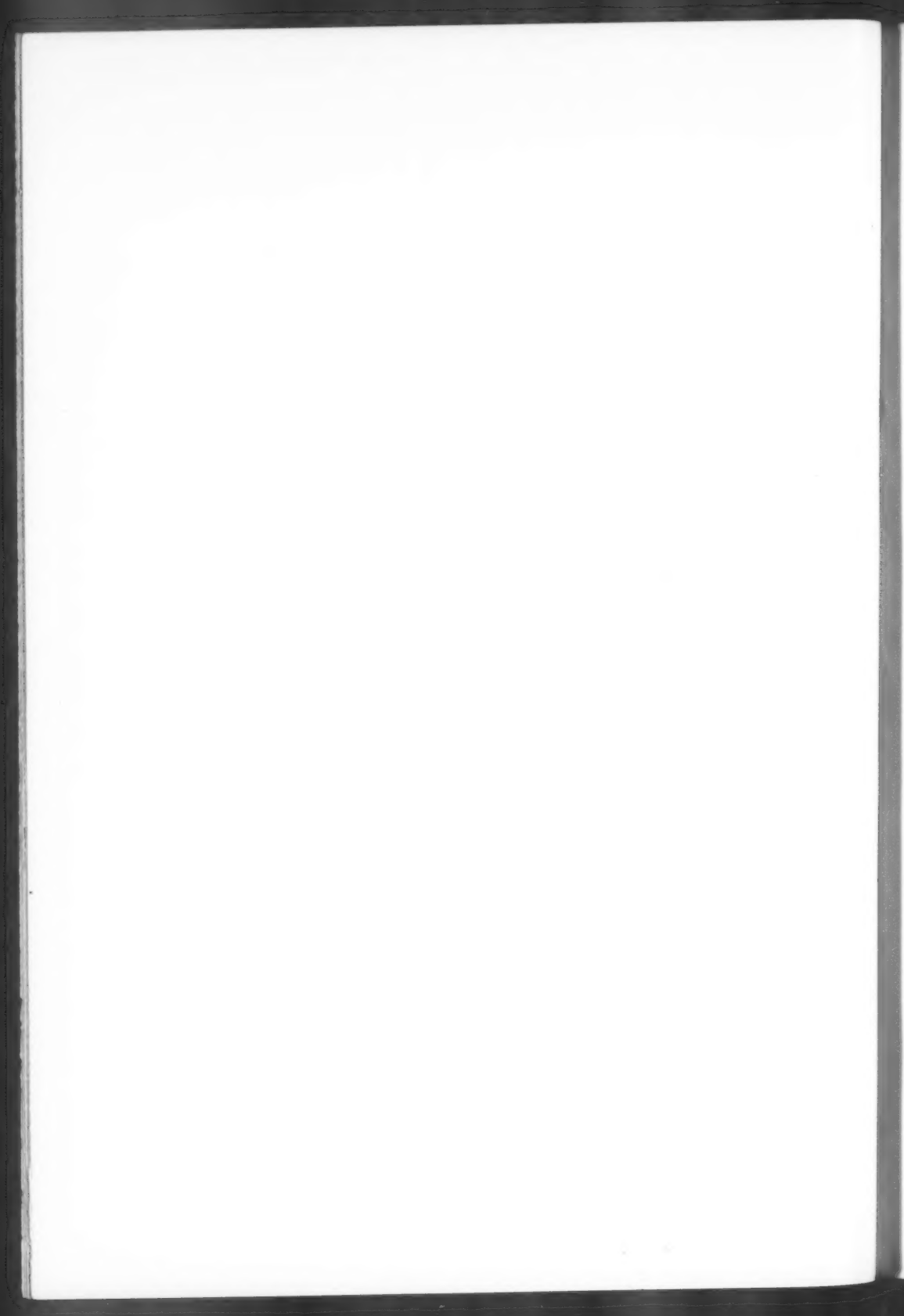
of the Northland have I led my heroes to the bloody field of battle; no, I will rule on this and that side of the sound!" cried he resentfully. But years passed and Harold Blaataud had to wait. Then, once upon a time, he invited Harold Graafell to hunt the deer and wild boar in his company. The young king died suddenly in the hunting-field. Blaataud shed many hypocritical tears over his victim and won through this display of feigned sympathy the heart of the still beautiful Gunilde, the king's mother, honored of the scalds.

A Norwegian, however, who knew the secret of the king's murder, sought to hinder the marriage of the queen with the infamous murderer. He succeeded in approaching the bereaved mother, and made known to her the shameful circumstances of the murder. Gunilde, horrified at the treachery of Blaataud, prepared to return to Norway. But she committed an indiscretion in speaking of her purpose openly. Among others, she mentioned her intentions to Jarl Hacon, whom the king had stationed near her for her protection. He immediately conveyed the intelligence to his master, and the latter sent him a messenger with private instructions to cause the disappearance of the royal lady during the journey.

As Gunilde passed over the moor, the murderers accomplished the cruel deed. They tore the queen from her steed, dragged her along the yielding ground, and sank her in the morass, so that no one might ever learn what her fate had been. And no one save the murderers knew the place of her death, which was at the same time her grave. Only the people were lost in the conjecture about the mystery and soon called the moor Gunilde's Moor. First, after the elapse of nearly a thousand years, the discovery of the body proved how just the forebodings of the people had been.



AT THE FERRY.
After the painting of A. Askevold.



THE NEW NORTH.

BY MARION A. BAKER.

DE AMICIS says, in his "Studies of Paris:" "How a lost cause changes the features of a people!"

This sentence is remarkably true. Old landmarks are swept away, old barriers torn down, old boundary lines effaced, and a horde of adventurers rush in to profit by the general upheaval and to gather salvage from the wreck. New conditions arise, and people must re-adjust themselves to suit these new conditions. In the picturesque language of the negro, "Bottom rail gits on top."

War changes the very face of nature. Everywhere its iron heel leaves a stern imprint; but the scars are deeper upon the conquered than upon the conquering country. The North, therefore, has not suffered such vital changes as the South; but the alterations that have taken place are sufficiently striking. Great fortunes were made during the civil war, and the simplicity of life for which the Northern people were distinguished has passed away. There has been a tremendous increase of expenditure, and where, thirty years ago, a Northern family would have been content to live quietly and enjoy "solid comfort," there is now a lavish display of wealth and luxury.

In a paper such as this, lying within prescribed limits, injustice to individuals is inevitable. One must, perforce, deal in "glittering generalities," and try, in some sort, to make an average from the mass of evidence on both sides.

To a Southerner by birth and education, a journey through the Northern states reveals the startling unlikeness of these two sections of the same country. We speak the same language, but with what a difference!

One striking point of dissimilarity is the absence, in the North, of hospitality. It has been called a savage virtue; but, at least, it is a sweet and lovable one. In the old days, this feeling prevailed in the South to a degree that seems almost exaggerated. There came once to the house of a rich Louisiana planter a broken-down gentleman asking for a night's lodging. He came to pass the night, and staid for fifteen years.

No one asked him to go; no one, in truth, desired it.

The stranger within their gates was sacred. In fact, the visit only terminated with his death. One could have traveled through the whole South, stopping at every plantation house, with a positive certainty of a kind reception; and this spirit has survived the wreck of their fortunes.

In the North, naturally, it was, and is, different. Unless you are provided with letters of introduction, a good address will avail you nothing. Impostors are numerous, and even should the stranger not be an actual impostor, the Northerner has a holy horror of allowing undesirable acquaintances to attach themselves to him. If, by any inadvertence, such an accident should occur, he knows well the art of shaking them off. The cold stare, the freezing word, he can practice to perfection. In their more complete civilization, hospitality has become an affair of exchange and barter. They entertain people who give entertainments. One is reminded of the philosophy of Punch's market woman: "Nothing for nothing, and precious little for tuppence."

They find it safest to treat every unknown person as though he were an adventurer. He may not be; but then one must protect oneself. They surround themselves with a *chevaux de frise* of caution and suspicion, and are in no danger of entertaining angels unawares.

But properly introduced, and being possessed of the means of returning hospitality, the stranger meets the kindest reception—somewhat more stately and formal than it would be in the South—and leaves them convinced of their charm. There is always an air of greater restriction and ceremony in a Northern house. You can go so far, and no farther, and they seem to anticipate that their guests may take some impertinent liberty. Let us hope that Anglo-mania may have the one happy effect of teaching them the Englishman's large methods of entertainment.

In Philadelphia the spirit of exclusiveness touches the absurd. There is an invisible

line, potent as the equator, that separates the northern and southern sections of the city; and the dweller north of Market street is a Pariah and an outcast. The T. F. U. T.'s, or Too Far Up Towns, are not to be tolerated.

These nice distinctions are most rigidly enforced among school girls; for, like all children, they adopt and exaggerate the sentiments of their elders. A Southern girl, who was sent to the Quaker City to be educated, gave me a surprising instance of this. An unfortunate girl who lived in Green street, an obscure region blossoming with gardens and beautiful with picturesque houses, yet, alas! *too far up town*, somehow crept into this select school. Instead of ignoring her, her schoolmates tormented her like savages. She was the daily butt of playful questions as to the state of the weather, or the prevailing fashions in the unknown territory of Green street. She soon withdrew herself, doubtless with a poor opinion of the manners of "our best society."

The Northern attitude toward the Southerner has changed. Of old they disapproved of him and courted him, hated him and fawned upon him. No doubt he did display an enraging arrogance at times, and was too fond of acting the *grand seigneur*; but a people with the courage of their convictions should never have prostrated themselves before his mere wealth. He is poor now: we need carry the sentence no further.

The past twenty-five years have wrought another marked change. Of old, it was the Southerner that traveled like a prince, with a quite inappropriate magnificence of attire. But now to the North belong the splendor and arrogance. The Northern man in his neat traveling suit, and the Northern woman in her jaunty tailor gown, need not feel abashed at being confronted by a host of friends at their journey's end. They are not shabby and crumpled and travel-stained, after the manner of the Southerner, who is apt to wear a cast-off suit for such purposes, clearly reasoning that it is the divine right to be dowdy when traveling. But, in the same journey, the Northerner will feel perfectly rehabilitated when he has donned fresh collar and cuffs; while the Southerner's sense of comfort will demand a complete change of linen.

The average Northerner, while neater in his dress than the average Southerner, is not so cleanly in his person. One does not see in Southern cities the crowds of well-dressed men in trim business suits that are such a feature of the North; but the irreproachable linen of the Southerner will testify to the truth of the above statement.

Northern houses are undoubtedly better kept than those of the South. The house-keeper is full of the religion of soap and water. She "goes for" a roach or a bug with a fury of zeal; a speck in the paint is like a blot on her soul; a fly is pursued from corner to corner until killed. Sweeping-day comes around with a regularity that savors of the laws of the inevitable; and one feels that if cleanliness is next to godliness, the good housewife has worked out her salvation. One feels that she will never adopt the motto, "Let sleeping dust lie."

Yet an ill-kept Southern house will often be more of a home than the Northern house with its shining paint and spotless walls; infinitely shabbier, as a rule, because the things have worn out, instead of rusting out.

Among the farming classes in the rural districts of the North, there is a strongly-marked tendency to occupy the rear portion of the house, so that from the front it presents an uninhabited appearance; and they make the kitchen a family gathering point. This is never done in the South, even by those that do not keep servants; but perhaps for this the climate is to be thanked. One cannot but pity people that have a "best room," with the atmosphere of a vault, too sacred to be opened except on feast days.

One may note another difference. After hearing a Northerner's speech, one can usually guess pretty accurately his place in the social scale. In the South, to our shame be it said, the most slipshod language, the most unpardonable grammatical errors flourish unabashed. Such lapses from the lips of a Northerner would stamp him as a vulgar fellow. And here let me remark how very common the common people of the North are! They have nothing of that softness of tone and manner that lends a sort of refinement even to the poorest classes of the South.

If not belonging to the better class, the Northerner is apt to be loud, vulgar, and pushing, with unpleasant manners, and a

flat, discordant voice excruciating to the ear. And here is an odd inconsistency. While pronouncing the negro a person of many virtues and many wrongs, they do not often admit him to their domestic service. One finds, as a general rule, that the negro is personally repugnant to them. They seem to fear that the black may rub off. I made some comment to a Northern friend upon the fact of his employing a colored servant.

"Oh!" my friend replied hastily, "he's not a negro; he's a Hindoo!"

Another naively explained his reason for employing a negro man: "You see, when I come home tired I can curse him and fling my boots at him!" A liberty not to be taken with white servants!

In the North there is a keener appreciation of "mine and thine" than in the South. The Southerner will lend you money (probably owing to some creditor) in a large and generous way, which is a relic of the days when he could afford to do it; and if the loan is on your side, he is likely, in the same generous way, to forget to repay you.

In the North, no man considers it "mean" to hold a friend strictly to account. While visiting in Connecticut, I was amused to note that one of my neighbors walked several miles to return a postage stamp lent him by a friend. This seems exaggerated; but the spirit was a good one. These dissimilarities are doubtless largely the result of climatic differences. In the North, a living cannot be picked up "somehow," and it is much easier to starve there than in the South.

As the Southerner's tendency toward money-spending descends to him through generations, so does the Northerner's tendency toward money-getting. They are largely a nation of shop-keepers, and one sees in them an inclination to "dicker" and chaffer and drive hard bargains that is very unlovely.

When traveling ostensibly for pleasure, they are ever on the alert to do a little stroke of business that will help to pay their expenses. Perhaps this spirit gave birth to the phrase so frequently seen in the newspapers of the Northwest: "Mr. Brown will make a tour of the Eastern states, combining business with pleasure."

As to divesting themselves with the sordid cares of business and giving themselves up

to the enjoyment of the hour simply, they would not know how to do it. In traveling, they are so pursued by the fear of being over-reached and cheated out of a penny, that the pleasure trip is made one of pain. A Northern man will make a point about small expenses, for it is against his principle to pay one cent more for a thing than he thinks it actually worth. In the matter of tipping servants, he is to be commended for his absence of false shame. Wiser than the Southerner, he knows that there is a certain dishonesty in giving more than one can afford.

But petty economies, the pinching and grinding and scraping that build up a fortune painfully penny by penny, all this inevitably warps the money-getter and places a birth-mark upon his descendants. Men of this class are prone to rate their possessions, not according to their beauty or intrinsic worth, but according to their market value; and they feel an immense tenderness for the things that belong to them.

A remarkable exhibition of this spirit was witnessed in the house of a Northern man, one of the wealthiest in the United States. His beautiful reception rooms were crowded with the best people of his own and other cities; for the entertainment was in honor of a literary celebrity. A young lady, one of his guests, had placed her wine glass on a small ebony table, a perfect work of art in its carving and exquisite polish. The host, who was passing, observed this, and a look of anguish darted across his face. With a movement that seemed involuntary, he snatched up the glass and gave the blurred surface a hasty wipe with his coat sleeve! He knew how much it had cost.

There came under my observation a party of Northern people who were spending the winter in a Southern city. They were bright, merry, pleasant people, and went on numerous little excursions among themselves. Each would contribute a sum of money toward the general fund for expenses; and when they returned after their day's pleasure, some member of the party would invariably say: "Now, let's have an account;" and they would set to work with note-book and pencils, using a great amount of energy to discover whether a few cents might not be owing by one of them to the other; and this in the presence of visitors!

During that winter, a young girl from one of the Northwestern states visited the same city with her parents. These people, though apparently refined in other ways, were frequently guilty of the unspeakable vulgarity of mentioning the cost of things they owned. It suggested the unpleasant fancy, whether just or unjust, that they had not possessed their wealth long enough to bear it gracefully. This young lady had beauty, wealth, superb costumes, and her parents appeared to gratify her every wish; yet she had ways and means, economies and expenditures so constantly on her lips as to rob her of the sweetest charm of her girlhood. In a spirit of adventure, she went with her mother into a dime museum. What she saw there she considered evidently not worth the entrance fee; for she never passed the place afterward without remarking: "I wish we had back the twenty cents it cost us to go into that place." This trait, at first a little startling and piquant, became at length very disenchanting.

The average of actual beauty is higher among Northern than among Southern women. They have an admirable look of perfect health, and the wild-rose tints of their complexions are delightful to the eye. But they are less charming, less womanly. They have little softness of manner, or if they do possess it, it becomes a studied suavity employed when it can be made effective. It is evidently their plan to form themselves after one model, and they do this to the destruction of all individuality. An endless procession passes and re-passes before your eyes, costumes alike, carrying themselves alike, with the same tricks of gait, voice, manner, and expression.

A Northern girl of the best type seems often to embody the highest expression of culture; yet she is infinitely less charming than some faulty piece of nature. She is trained to do the right thing in the right place. It does not descend to her as a sweet instinct from ancestors that have been for generations the "first people." The "poetry of courtesy" is not always understood by her, so that she will occasionally make lapses from good breeding suggestive of a lack of sweetness of good nature.

One hears it said of the Baltimore women, "Surprisingly pretty, but rather provincial." The phrase contains the severest

condemnation; for to be provincial is the unpardonable sin, and one that the Northern girl sedulously avoids. She is a compact and complete little person, well poised and self-reliant; careful that every detail of dress, wrap, gloves, and bonnet shall be delightfully harmonious. Her voice, seldom naturally melodious in speech, is tutored into set tones and cadences, from which it breaks bounds unpleasantly at times. She goes deeply into the heart of things intellectual, whether or not she is following her natural bent; because culture is the proper thing, and there must be no subject on which she will be obliged to remain silent.

It must be admitted by all just people that the average of politeness in every-day contact is lower in the North than in the South. In a Southern city, if you ask a passer-by to direct you to a certain street, he will go out of his way to guide you. Saleswomen will treat you with an admirable patience and good nature. In the north, in stores of the better class, employers exact that their employes shall be civil to customers. But go into the side streets, to the smaller shops, and with what insolence and inattention the would-be purchaser is treated! The librarian of a free library will often act as though you were doing him a personal injury if you ask him to take down a book. Hotel clerks will insult you. Post-office officials will snub you or glare speechlessly at you if you venture upon a timid question.

A Northern woman was visiting New Orleans for the first time. She came from the land where politeness has its market value, like everything else, and this lavish courtesy, given without money and without price, seemed to bewilder her. "Well," she said, after pondering these things, "the city is not the cleanest in the world, and the streets are not well paved or drained, but the people are simply lovely. Why, if you ask the driver of one of your little bob-tail cars a question, he will answer you as politely as possible. At home I have often been insulted for refusing to take in change silver pieces worn as thin as paper. And often, when I have hailed a car at a distance, the driver has called out, in the rudest way, 'Come, hurry up! Can't wait all day for you!' I never realized how dreadful it was

till I came South. Here, if I don't know the street I ought to get out at, I just throw myself upon the mercy of the other passengers and take no thought for the morrow. I'm never even allowed to put my fare in the box!"

In the North, I have frequently seen a young girl yield her place to an old and feeble woman, in a car full of seated men. Mr. Howells' protest against man's inhumanity to woman, as shown in the street car, will be remembered; and his plea for them to have mercy on the sex that was "born tired."

I do not think it will be found that South-

ern women are less polite because Southern men treat them with consideration. In fact, it is to be feared that the masculinity and independence of too many Northern women have re-acted unfortunately upon the manners of their men. In the South, these little courtesies seem a part of the atmosphere. If we are an unprogressive people, then may such signs of darkness never pass out from among us.

To lend a helping hand to strangers, to assist the weak, to be always courteous to women—can the highest civilization produce a finer flower than this?

THE SATYR'S THEFT.

BY JAMES B. KENVON.

DID'ST thou see him as he fled?
Down this dewy way he sped,
Crashing through the tangled copse,
In a shower of pearly drops
Pattering from the tremulous eaves
Of the pleached and glossy leaves.
See how, in his wild retreat
Through the wood, his flying feet
Crushed the fragile blossoms down;
And those matted shreds of brown
Clinging to yon stunted thorn
From his shaggy vest were torn.
It was in the shady nook,
Where the swift and shallow brook
Spreads abroad its waters clear
In a mimic mountain mere:
Hither she had come to lave
In the cool, pellucid wave;
As she leaned to bathe her face,
Suddenly his rude embrace
Compassed her; his hairy arms

Circled all her snowy charms.
O'er his dusky back and side
Her bright locks outfloated wide,
And I caught a fleeting glance
Of her bosom's fair expanse,
And her features scared and white,
As he vanished from my sight.
Vain it were to follow him
Through the forests deep and dim;
Human eye hath never seen,
Human face hath never been,
Where the satyr's lair is made
Far within some sylvan glade.
There the wild bee winds its horn;
There the breezes, morn by morn,
Bring the balm from unknown flowers;
There through all the poppied hours
Golden light lies on the grass,
And the flickering shadows pass;
But no mortal foot shall tread
Where the satyr makes his bed.

PEACE.

BY WILLIAM M. BRIGGS.

My heart rests, for the night is dark and still;
My heart rests, for the moon is on the wane;
And 'gainst the shadowy window's lucent pane
The night-moth beats its wings and the far trill
Of crickets sounds its soft, aerial strain.

My heart rests, for the silence of the night
Broods like an angel's pinion, and the air,
Pregnant with undulations, toned and rare
As from a holier sphere, bids cark and care
Cease; for my soul lies hushed in tranquil prayer.



MOLLY'S CITRON CAKE.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

"MOLLY'S nine," said little Fan, "and I'm seven, and the house is ninety-seven."

It did look old, and would have been ugly if a benevolent hop vine had not clambered over it, and decked it from head to foot with tender green. It was called Hopvine Cottage, and stood on Oxford island, behind and not far from the Grand Oxford hotel; and strangers in passing it were often heard to exclaim, "How picturesque!"

"They wouldn't think 'twas very picturesque if they had to wash dishes in it," grumbled Molly to little Fan.

And then she glanced across the trees at the Grand hotel and sighed; for it was there that Henrietta Prince boarded with her rich father and mother, and life at the Oxford was Molly's ideal of the "picturesque" and refined. She liked a summer by the seaside, but why must mamma always rent this old cottage, and bring down the oil-stove and do her own work? It was very afflictive.

Henrietta was proud to say *she* had "never washed a dish in her life;" and when Molly thought of that, and of the bushels and bushels she herself had washed, it gave her an unhappy feeling, almost as if a hopeless fog had set in and shut out the sun.

One morning as she sat on the cottage door-step shelling peas, Miss Henrietta drove by in her pony carriage, with her fashionable doll-daughter, nearly her own size; and Molly said to little Fan:

"Oh, dear, there they go! Wish you and I had a pony. Wish *we* lived at the Oxford, with nuts and candy and ice cream for dinner!"

"Well, but she's asked you to her party

to-night, and she never asked me," returned the little sister plaintively.

"You? Why, of course not! Tinty bits of girls like you can't ever go to parties."

"Can't they?" said meek little Fan, trying to console herself by patting out another dirt pie.

"Henrietta has two silk dresses, don't you know?" continued Molly; "and a white one with flowers worked in it; and her bathing-suit is ever so much nicer than our Sunday things; yes, it is! And she just despises you and me, Fan, as hard as anything. Never looks at me when she sees me with an old apron on, shelling peas."

Here Molly overturned the pan in an excess of emotion, just as the baker drove up to ask:

"And what shall I sell you ma'am this morning?"

He was like an old friend, for he lived on the island, and had called at Hopvine Cottage every day for two seasons. Molly sprang up eagerly. She always liked to stand near him when he pulled out the drawers in the back of the wagon, that she might enjoy the sight, and scent the dainties within. And Mr. Jones had usually a smile and a pleasant word for Molly, having taken "quite a notion to the child," so he told his wife, "because she's just the picture of our little Ann that died."

Mrs. Dean came out of the cottage door now and called for bread, plain bread, without so much as a glance at the tarts and cream cakes that Molly was devouring with her eyes, though she might very well have bought them all, for her purse was jingling with silver. How can grown people turn

away so coldly from delicious goodies? Molly said nothing, but she thought secretly:

"When I have some little girls, I'll buy 'em everything they want, so they'll love me dearly and be perfectly happy."

Mr. Jones noticed the sorrowful droop of her mouth and it touched him.

"Look here now," said he, apparently addressing his old gray horse, who pricked up his ears accordingly; "look here, now, I brought along a fresh citron cake, the frosting just dry; and I was kind of speckerlatin' as I drove over, and thinks I, 'Who's going to have that cake?' And it comes to me now, it's you, Miss Molly."

"Me? Oh, my! I mean, oh, no!" cried the bewildered little girl, looking helplessly toward her mother. What could the man mean?

But the cake, a good-sized one, was already in her hands, and the baker forestalled all mistakes by assuring her it was "an out-and-out present," and she might cut and eat it herself.

"It got a quick bake," added he in an undertone to Mrs. Dean, lest she should feel too grateful, "scorched a leetle grain on one side; but the frosting covers that complete."

"I'm sure my little daughter is very much obliged to you," replied Mrs. Dean, gratified by the kindness, and seeing that Molly was too overwhelmed to speak.

"Seems to me she's looking pale this morning, Mrs. Dean. Mayn't I set her up here on the seat with me and tote her round the island? 'Twill bring the roses into her cheeks, I'll warrant."

The roses were coming already, followed by smiles, as Mrs. Dean thanked kind Mr. Jones and bade Molly run for her hat.

"I'll take the small one another time," said the baker, with a happy after-thought, to little Fan. It was a charming ride, winding round and round among the trees and shrubs and bushes, with glimpses everywhere of the wide, blue, sparkling ocean, of the gliding, graceful ships. The air was fragrant with endless clumps of bayberry, endless bushes of wild roses in full bloom. Such roses! There were thousands of them, and their color was so rich and deep, their breath so sweet that Molly had never known the like before. She had been at Hopvine Cottage for two summers, but this was actually her first ride around the island.

"Having a pretty good time, ain't we though?" said Mr. Jones as they drove up to one of the cottages to deliver brown bread and beans. "And what do you think of my old gray for a horse?"

"I think he's a perfect darling," replied Molly with gratifying eagerness. "I'd rather have him than that pony."

The pony carriage was coming in sight at the moment, and Molly was prepared to beam warmly upon Henrietta, and even to throw a kiss to the waxen Victoria, who only stared through her gauze veil in return, the haughtiest doll that ever made believe draw breath.

But when the delightful ride was over, and Molly saw Henrietta in the grove after dinner picking juniper, the world grew dark once more; for Henrietta was cross and would not listen to a word of Molly's adventures. On the contrary, she talked of herself and her great and unexpected trials. The cook at the Oxford had sent off all the frosted cake to a "silly old picnic," and firmly refused to make any more, though Mrs. Prince had begged and entreated for her little daughter's sake.

"It's just horrid to live at a hotel," added Henrietta. "Oh, if mamma would only hire a cottage, where you can have everything just as you want it! Why, I'd almost rather die than not have frosted cake at my party!"

Henrietta seemed fairly weighed down by this trouble, which was all the more crushing because she expected several elegant friends from the city. Molly's quick sympathies were alive in a moment. What if—perhaps—she wasn't quite sure yet; but what if, *perhaps*, she should give poor, wretched Henrietta a little, a very little, of her citron loaf?

And, as usual, without waiting to settle the matter in her own mind, she began hastily:

"I want to tell you something. This morning Mr. Jones gave me—"

"Yes, I know; I saw you riding with him. What did possess you to ride with the baker? 'Twas just awful!" broke in Henrietta.

"'Twasn't awful at all. Guess my mamma knows!" returned Molly, much wounded.

Henrietta tossed her head.

"Well, you won't see anybody at my party that rides in bakers' carts, or ever heard of such a thing. They are all nice, the girls at my party; perfect ladies, as perfect as they can be."

"Did you s'pose I was going to your party?" cried Molly, her eyes kindling. "I wouldn't go to your old party for fifty million dollars!"

And off she flew in a whirlwind of rage. But I must confess the same thing had been known to happen before, and her mother did not seem greatly astonished when she rushed into the house breathless, exclaiming:

"You said 'twas wicked to hurt folks' feelings, mamma. And Henrietta has hurt my feelings five hundred and sixty-nine times, and now she's hurt 'em again! I don't care if I did ride with the baker; she's the wickedest, naughtiest—"

Here Mrs. Dean's warning finger rose in the air, and Molly paused and caught her breath. That slender fore finger had magic in it; it could shut off a torrent of angry words in a second.

"What was the last verse you learned at Sabbath school, my dear?"

"Overcome evil with good," stammered Molly, glaring at the oil-stove.

"Let me see, you've been in Mrs. Palmer's class for five years, Molly."

"Yes, mamma; and Mrs. Palmer has a red book she calls a *concordance*; and she teaches us *beautif'ly*!"

"Yes, and you heed all she says, don't you, and try to learn how to be a better girl?"

"Oh, I never thought of that," said Molly in honest surprise. "I never thought a word about that."

There was another little pause.

"It's about the folks in the Bible, mamma. I can't be good like the folks in the Bible."

"But how did Mrs. Palmer say we must overcome evil with good? Do you remember that?"

"Yes, indeed! She looked in the *concordance*, and said she—said she— Oh, now I know! She said if folks plague you and are enemies to you, you must pretend not to notice it; you must be just as kind and pleasant; and by and by they'll get over it and be sorry they plagued you."

"Very well. Now, suppose you sit here awhile and think what it is best to do about Henrietta?"

"Oh, did you mean Henrietta? Was that what you meant? There, mamma, Henrietta *is* my enemy, isn't she, as true as the world? Well, I'll think and think as hard as I can."

It did not seem like very deep thinking, and the mother smiled quietly to herself as Molly looked out of the window, her eyes roving far and wide over land and sea, till finally the storm had cleared from the little face and the sun was out again.

At the end of five minutes, she said briskly:

"There, now, I've thought it all up. Where's my hat?"

"Ah, where are you going?"

"Going to see Henrietta and do something splendid. Shall I tell you what it is, mamma?"

"Not unless you choose."

"But are you sure you'll like it? Aren't you afraid I'll be too good, mamma?"

"Not at all," laughed Mrs. Dean. "I'm not so easily frightened."

The child hurried away and was soon back again, dancing in a perfect glow of delight.

"There, she loves me now! I gave her my cake. Not some slices, you know; but just the whole cake."

"What! the frosted citron?"

"Yes, mamma; for she was my enemy, and now it's all right."

"Didn't you save a teenty bit for me?" wailed little Fan.

"You see, I couldn't, dear," replied Molly compassionately but firmly. "If Henrietta hadn't had any frosted cake, 'twould have just ruined the party. I know now how to treat your enemies. I've just found out; and I'm going always to do it. I tell you it's beautiful, and she'll love me as long as she lives."

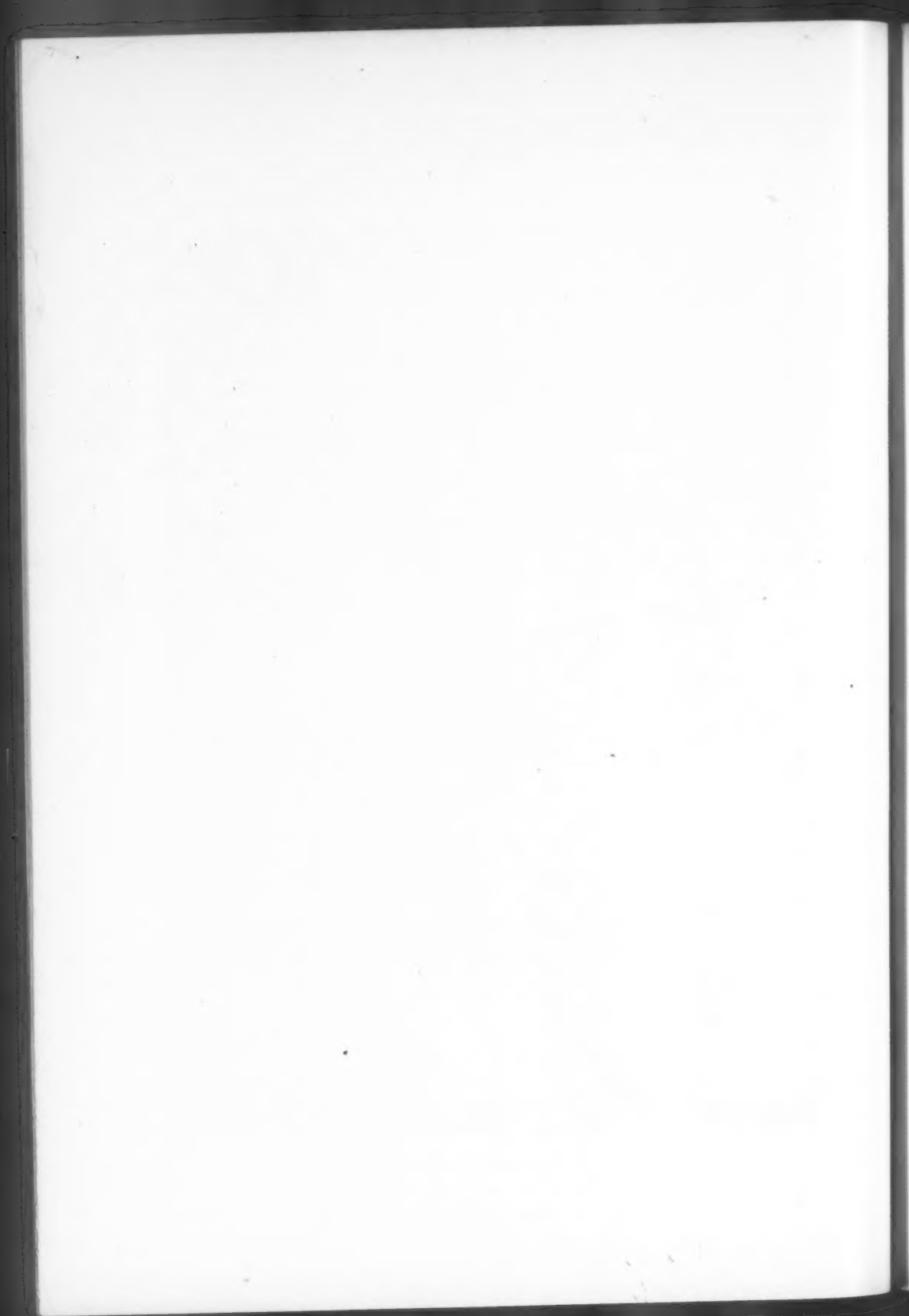
"Wish you'd treat me that way," murmured the small sister, wiping away a tear.

"You? That's funny! Why, of course I can't; you are not my enemy, you know."

"O—h!" said little Fan meekly.



A DISAGREEABLE DOSE.



JUPE'S EARS.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

"WELL, I've got him at last," said Don Myers, as he entered the kitchen of his mother's cottage, a glow of satisfaction on his face and a strange-looking bundle in his arms. "He's a beauty, too."

"He ought to be, considerin' the price you paid for him," said Mrs. Myers, putting her flat-iron on the stove and laying a gentle hand on the bundle. "Well, you *have* got him wrapped up snug; and my best shawl, too! I wonder he ain't smothered."

"I had to take your shawl; there wasn't anything else handy, and I didn't want him to catch cold on the way," said Don, drawing aside the woolen folds and exposing to view a tiny Cuban puppy, black as jet. "There! Ain't he worth ten dollars?"

"It seems a sight of money to pay just for a dog," said his mother. "But seein' as you earned every cent of it yourself, an' I said you might do as you pleased with it, I have no reason to complain."

"And I can sell him any time for what I gave for him."

"Catch you sellin' him!" laughed Mrs. Myers. "You'll get so fond of him that you won't give him up for any price."

"I guess you're about right," and Don laughed, too. "I'm fond of him now. I'm going to call him Jupiter; Jupe for short. Mr. Gibbons said that was a good name for him. There's Tom Prentiss," added Don, as he heard a whistle in the street. "I thought it was about time he was comin' round. He's just crazy on dogs, but his folks won't let him have one. They're afraid it might go mad."

"You'd better go out," said Mrs. Myers. "He'll keep up that everlastin' whistlin' until you do, that's sure."

Don went out with the dog in his arms.

"Got him, have you?" cried Tom. "Well, he *is* a stunner, or would be if it wasn't for those ears. You're going to have 'em cut, ain't you?"

"I don't know," answered Don hesitatingly. "I hadn't thought of it."

"Oh, cut 'em, by all means," said Tom. "He'll look as smart again. That barber down in King street does it. He knows all about dogs."

Don looked doubtfully at his new possession. There was no denying that the ears were rather large for so small an animal. They stood up like two little black sails lined with mouse color.

"I'll ask mother about it," he said.

"Much women know about dogs," sneered Tom. "She's sure to say you mustn't have 'em cut."

He was right.

"I wouldn't think of it, Don," said Mrs. Myers. "Nature knows best about such things, and if she'd meant Jupe to have short ears, he'd have had 'em. Depend on that."

"But Tom says they look just awful."

"Never mind what Tom says. It's your dog, not his; and if you care anything for it you won't mutilate it. I don't see how a boy can deliberately set about causing suffering to a poor, dumb animal."

But all the boys Don knew shared Tom's opinion, that the ears ought to be cut, and there wasn't a day that Don didn't receive advice on the subject.

But, in spite of this, week after week passed, and Jupe remained in possession of his long ears, and grew fast in strength and intelligence. He learned to jump through a hoop, "shake hands," stand on his hind legs, and "play dead," and he was always ready for a game of ball. In fact, he was so smart that Don had serious thoughts of exhibiting him at the next county fair.

But one fatal day, when Jupe was about four months old, a carpenter came to repair the front steps of Mrs. Myers' cottage. Of course, Don felt it incumbent on him to oversee the work, and as Jupe made it a point to keep as close to Don as possible at all times, it followed that the carpenter saw him.

"Nice dog, that," he said. "Going to have his ears cut, ain't you?"

"I haven't quite made up my mind," answered Don. "It seems a pity to give him so much pain."

"Oh, it wouldn't hurt him much," said the carpenter, "and they ought to be cut. The longer you put it off the more it will hurt him, you know. His ears are formed now, and you ought not to lose any time. There's a barber in King street who'll cut 'em for you."

Don thought over the matter all the rest of the afternoon, and the next day, with Jupe in his arms and closely followed by Tom, he walked into the barber's shop.

"I've come to see about getting my dog's ears cut," he said. "I hear you understand how it ought to be done."

"Yes, I understand it well enough," answered the barber, a little man with red hair and a kindly face, "but I don't like to do it."

"Does it hurt 'em much?" asked Tom.

"Well, rather," and the barber smiled. "Try a pair of scissors on your own ears and see. I made up my mind some time ago that I wouldn't do that kind of work any more."

"What do you charge?" asked Don.

"Two dollars."

The boys looked at each other aghast. Tom whistled.

"I guess I'll wait awhile," said Don. "Maybe I won't have it done, after all."

So Jupe was carried home again, and Don gave up all idea of having his ears cut.

But the next day Tom appeared at the cottage, with a look of mystery on his face, and beckoned Don out.

"I've got something to tell you, and I don't want your mother to hear," he said, as he led the way to the bench back of the woodshed. "There's no use having a fuss, you know. Don, there's a man in Lucas street who'll cut your dog's ears for twenty-five cents."

"How do you know?"

"I saw him this morning. He says he pinches the ears first to numb 'em. What do you say to going down there right off?"

"I can't go to-day," said Don; "I have too much to do."

"Well, to-morrow, then."

"Very well; you'll come round and go with me."

"Of course," and Tom went off whistling.

He was very anxious to have Jupe's ears cut, though if he had been asked why he took such a deep interest in the matter, he would have been at a loss for an answer.

Late that afternoon, as Don was passing through King street on an errand for his mother, he saw the red-headed little barber digging up a flower-bed at the back of his shop. Near him, frisking around in the fresh earth, were two little dogs, one a black and tan and the other a small white terrier with pink eyes. Both dogs had their ears cut to a sharp point. Don crossed the street and leaned over the low wooden fence surrounding the small garden.

"I see you have your own dogs' ears cut," he said.

The barber looked up and recognized him.

"Yes," he said, resting on his spade, "but I'll never cut any more."

"There's a man on Lucas street who pinches 'em before he cuts 'em," said Don. "He says it don't hurt then."

"That's all foolishness," said the barber.

"It's bound to hurt any way you fix it. I gave this little white dog chloroform, and thought he'd be quiet, but he was so wild he almost tore me to pieces. Hurt! It can't help hurting. The only way to do if you're going to cut a dog's ears, is to let one man hold him by the fore legs and the muzzle, and another do the cutting as quick as it can be done. My, how they holler! The ears are sore for a month, too."

"The man in Lucas street charges only twenty-five cents," said Don.

"Yes, that's the usual charge. I always tell folks two dollars just to get rid of 'em without wastin' time talkin'. I know nobody's goin' to pay so much."

"You charge for your feelings, then."

"That's about it," said the barber, taking hold of his spade again. "Of course, I would do it for two dollars, but I ain't likely to get hold of anybody willin' to pay so much."

Don held Jupe in his arms a long time that evening and mentally debated the question of cutting those long, silky ears. He loved his little dog, and didn't like the idea of giving him pain, but it seemed that every one thought short ears a great deal prettier than long ones, and it was only natural for him to wish Jupe to appear to advantage. He went to bed without having decided the

question, and so, when Tom came the next morning, he was very easily persuaded to carry poor little Jupe to the man in Lucas street.

"I'll hold him," said Tom. "It isn't going to kill him, you know. All dogs of this breed have their ears cut."

Jupe seemed to have an idea of what was about to happen, and began to cry as soon as the man took him in his hands. But he was treated with no mercy whatever. The man was used to hearing little dogs howl when they had their ears cut, and he whipped out a pair of sharp shears in a twinkling. Tom held Jupe, as he had promised, and Don, ashamed and sorry, now that it was too late, covered his eyes with his hands while the dreadful operation was being performed. But he couldn't close his ears, and he was forced to listen to the terrible cries of pain and distress that filled the room as the sharp shears did their cruel work.

"There, it's over," said Tom in a voice of relief.

And he put Jupe down on the floor. The door was open, and Don looked up just in time to see Jupe dart from the room, the blood pouring from his mutilated ears, and the most piteous cries issuing from his throat.

Both boys started in pursuit, but though they ran their best, they could not catch up with the half-mad little creature, which, blinded by the blood, rushed wildly down one street and up another, continuing to yelp incessantly.

"We're gaining on him; he's getting tired out," panted Tom, who was getting tired out, too.

As he spoke, Jupe left the sidewalk and stumbled into the street. At the same moment, a large wagon, drawn by two powerful horses at a sharp trot, turned the corner. Tom gave a cry of warning, but it came too late. Before the driver of the wagon understood what was wanted, poor little Jupe lay crushed and bleeding in the dust, and when the boys, pale and horrified, reached the spot, he was gasping his last.

It was a long time before Don was reconciled to his loss, or could bear the least allusion to his dead pet; and for years he avoided the vicinity of Lucas street, not wishing to be reminded of the day he had taken poor little Jupe there.

"I think if I ever get another dog, I'll let his ears alone," he said to his mother one day.

But he never had another dog like Jupe.



A GREENLAND BOY IN HIS SUMMER SUIT.



CARPET MOTHS.

By JOHN B. SMITH, U. S. NATIONAL MUSEUM.

UNDER the term "carpet moth" the housewife classes everything that attacks her carpets, no matter what the real nature of the pest may be, and she seeks a "moth killer," quite careless of or not knowing the fact that there are at least two very distinct orders of insects represented under that term, and that they have very different habits of life and may need different methods of treatment.

As stated, under the term "carpet moths" are included the true moths (the little whitish-yellow millers that fly around the rooms in the evening), which belong to the *Lepidoptera*, and the so-called "buffalo moth," which is not a moth at all, but a beetle. The two classes will be briefly described, and the remedies given for each.

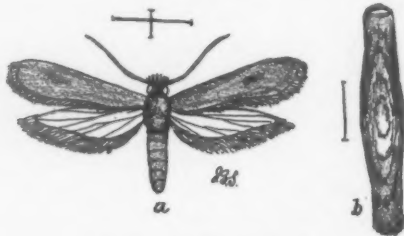
The moths are little species belonging to the *Tineidæ*, according to the entomologist's

fringes, six legs, and a pair of long feelers or antennæ.

These insects begin to fly about in the rooms as soon as warm weather sets in and continue at intervals throughout the season. They pair soon after they first appear, and the female lays her eggs, numbering anywhere from twenty to one hundred, or even more, on flannels or woolens, wherever she may find them. The eggs are oval, white, and very small, hardly visible to the untrained eye. In a few days the egg hatches, and a small white caterpillar appears. This at once begins eating whatever it finds nearest to it, and begins to form a small case or sack of hair, or whatever else it may be feeding on, fastening the fragments with a fine silken thread. As the caterpillar grows, these cases are enlarged; and as the larva feeds on variously-colored materials, the case is often beautifully variegated.

It is this form that is the "moth" so dreaded by housekeepers, and the little holes it eats in furs, cloth suits, and carpets are too well known to need description. When the caterpillar is full grown, the case is about half an inch long. It then fastens it to the wall (or anywhere else where it can find a secure hold) by a few threads of silk, and then the larva changes to a cylindrical brown pupa. In a few days this pupa works its way partly out of the sack, and the moth escapes and flies about. This is the whole life history of the species.

The carpet beetle in its perfect state is a small ovate insect about one-twelfth of an inch in length, black in general color, with a white patch on each side of the thorax, three irregular white bands across the wing covers, and a narrow central line, which



TINEA PELLIONELLA LINN.
a, moth; b, case of larva.

method of nomenclature. There are several different species attacking carpets and woolen goods of all kinds; but one general description will answer for all here. They are usually about one-quarter of an inch long, with four very narrow yellowish wings, which have beautifully long, silky

varies from white to bright red. It is known to entomologists as *Anthrenus scrophularia*. Like so many other good things, it comes to us from Europe, and is not a native of this country, though fully acclimated and evidently determined to become a citizen.

In this stage it is not usually known to housekeepers, because it rarely flies about in the rooms, but crawls round slowly, being thus readily overlooked. Nor does it come into the rooms at all until ready to lay its eggs; but flies about, feeding in this stage upon the pollen of flowers, preferring the *spirea* to all others, and found on the blossoms by the hundreds. Here they mate, and the females fly to houses and find their way in by any crevice large enough to admit them. They lay their eggs on any dried animal or vegetable matter, or in carpets or woollens that they can crawl under or between the folds of, rarely upon hanging garments.

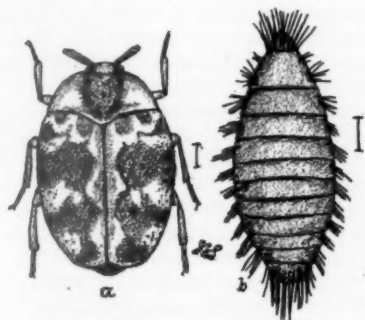
The eggs of these insects are still smaller than those of the moth, and also white. In a short time these hatch, producing a fat, yellowish-brown grub, pointed at both ends and with stiff, brown, diverging hairs. It becomes in this stage about one-quarter of an inch long, and is known as the "buffalo moth," probably from its color and bushy

There is unfortunately no specific against these insects, and all the "infallible exterminators" are useless unless applied with some knowledge of the insects' habits and at the right time. As this article refers most to "carpet moths," the methods of protection against their attacks will be principally referred to.

In the first place, carpets before being put down ought to be thoroughly beaten and swept. Then all round under the edges place tarred paper, or heavy paper soaked with tallow; either will prevent the insects from getting underneath at the edges. Then the carpets ought to be thoroughly swept at least once a week to get rid of eggs or small larvæ, which a thorough sweeping will destroy when they are on the upper surface.

Should they get beneath or in a heavy, thick carpet, so that sweeping does not dislodge them, then thoroughly wet a cloth, place it over the infested spots, and with a very hot iron press heavily, so as to drive the steam through the carpet. That will destroy all eggs and larvæ, whether of the moth or beetle. Should the carpets be badly infested, take them up, beat and sweep them thoroughly, and before re-laying scrub the floor with hot water, taking care not to spare the water in seams and crevices in the floor. Then with a brush, feather or any other similar or appropriate instrument smear into all crevices and under the base-boards kerosene or benzine. This will clean them out, and then the weekly sweeping and tarred paper will usually act as a preventative.

It has been recommended to grow *spirea*, to attract the beetles, which can be gathered there and destroyed by the hundreds, and doubtless this will tend to lessen them. Those that desire to preserve their carpets during the summer should thoroughly beat and clean them, steam them also if possible, and then sew them up in a linen bag, carefully wrapping the whole in tarred paper, or placing in a box lined with such paper. These proceedings are effectual against both kinds of carpet pests; but as the true moth has a habit of wandering when it is ready to pupate, the walls should be examined and all the cases picked off and destroyed; not merely thrown away. Every moth and beetle should, of course, be killed whenever seen. Small articles, rolls of flannel or of cloth can be completely disinfected by plac-



ANTHRENUS SCROPHULARIAE LINN.
a, beetle; b, larva. (Buffalo moth.)

appearance. When full grown, it remains quiet for a short time, and then the skin splits along the back, disclosing a white pupa. In a few days, this gives forth a perfect beetle, which makes its way out of the house, finds a mate, and, if a female, returns again to the houses and, in the life cycle, begins anew; so it is kept up all summer.

ing in a closed vessel and evaporating therein bi-sulphide of carbon.

In conclusion, it may be well to say that the neatest housekeeper has least trouble. Leave no unswept corners, no dirty spaces under furniture; keep a bright lookout for the first signs of damage and then check with the hot iron and do not depend upon

insect powders. Above all, make your attacks upon them when they first appear. If you wait until they are full-grown and then use powders, etc., they will do absolutely no good, nor will all the steaming be of any avail if you wait until the insects are out of it. Do it when the spaces are small, and you first see signs of damage.

HOME-MADE SAUCES.

BY MRS. S. T. RORER.

I HEAD the list with tomato catsup, as it is the most popular, and is the best of all home-made sauces. There are various ways of making it, each one claiming superiority, but the following is an old English method, which has stood the test of years:

In selecting the tomatoes, choose those that ripen during August or the first week in September, as after that time they lose part of their flesh, are watery and more acid, and therefore require more boiling and more care to preserve them. Choose also those free from decay, or your catsup may ferment after bottling, and if this once takes place, re-heating will not restore its flavor, although it may prevent a second fermentation.

Wash the tomatoes (there should be just an even bushel), and allow them to drain for a few minutes. Then, with peeling, cut into small pieces, place in a porcelain-lined or granite iron kettle, and boil gently for a half hour. Press them through a sieve fine enough to remove the seeds and skins.

Return this liquid tomato to the kettle and boil slowly until reduced to one and a half gallons, then add a half gallon of good cider vinegar, and evaporate over the fire to one and three-quarters gallons. A word of caution: Do not allow it to boil while evaporating, as in this way the vinegar is weakened and the flavor destroyed. After evaporation, add a half pound of sugar and a pint of salt, and stir until both are dissolved. Put into a bowl one and a half ounces of white pepper, one and a half ounces of allspice, two ounces of mustard, one ounce of ginger, a half ounce of cloves, an eighth ounce of cayenne, if you like it hot, if not, half the

quantity, and a quarter ounce of powdered asafoetida.

I see you looking in amazement at this last suggestion, but do not allow prejudice to prevent your using it; the flavor is that of a mild Spanish onion, and is a great and decided improvement. It may, however, be omitted if the flavor of onion is distasteful.

Mix all the ingredients now in the bowl well together, and moisten them gradually with some of the tomato liquid until perfectly smooth and about the consistency of cream. Then pour this slowly into the hot liquid, stirring continually until thoroughly mixed and the catsup comes to a boil. Take it from the fire and add one pint of alcohol. Bottle, cork, and dip the tops into hot sealing wax. Stand away to cool. When cold, put in a cool, dark place to keep.

It sounds troublesome; it is troublesome; but if the directions are followed implicitly success is sure, and one is well paid for the trouble.

Another very nice catsup is the never-failing Chili sauce, or what is called by some persons cold catsup. This and cucumber catsup require no cooking. Peel a half peck of fine, ripe tomatoes, open them and remove the seeds. Chop the tomatoes very fine and put them in a colander to drain. When drained free from all liquor, turn them into an earthen vessel, add a half cup of grated horse-radish, one cup of fine salt, one cup of white and brown mustard seed mixed, two table-spoonfuls of white pepper, two tea-spoonfuls of celery seed, one cup of brown sugar, two table-spoonfuls of ground cloves, two table-spoonfuls of ground allspice, one tea-spoonful of ground cinnamon,

half a tea-spoonful of powdered mace, one quart of good cider vinegar, and one cup of nasturtiums, one root of celery, and two Chili peppers (small red and yellow peppers about one inch long), chopped very fine. Mix all these ingredients well together. Bottle, cork, and seal.

This will keep just as long as a cooked catsup, while the sealing is unbroken, but it ferments quickly after opening; therefore, it is better to put away in small bottles.

After trying successfully the two foregoing recipes, do not be afraid to add another to your store; the favorite mushroom catsup, which is thought difficult to make, and is therefore purchased too often from the grocer. It is highly important that the mushrooms should be freshly gathered from an old sod in a clear, open, sunny field. If good, the skins will peel off easily, and the gills underneath be a pale salmon color. After examining each one carefully, wipe but do not wash them. Put a layer of mushrooms in the bottom of an earthen

dish, sprinkle them well with salt, then another layer of mushrooms, another of salt, and so continue these alternations until you have used all. Cover with a folded towel and stand in a warm place (70° Fahr.) for twenty-four hours. Then wash and strain them through a coarse bag.

To every quart of this liquor, add one ounce of pepper-corns, and boil slowly for thirty minutes in a porcelain-lined or granite kettle. Then add a quarter ounce of whole allspice, a half ounce of sliced ginger-root, one dozen whole cloves, and three blades of mace. Boil the whole fifteen minutes longer, take from the fire, and stand aside to cool. When cold, strain through a flannel bag and put into half-pint bottles, filling to the very top. Cork tightly and dip the tops into hot sealing wax.

This is more prone to spoiling than catsup made from tomatoes, but is one of the very nicest to add to hot meat sauces, and is also an agreeable accompaniment to boiled fish.

JAMS AND JELLIES.

BY SHIRLEY DARE.

WHAT are our modern jams and jellies? What shall we say after trying samples from the shelves of women's exchanges and from the shelves of experienced makers, who assure us that so-and-so, manufacturers, have sent for their recipes and that they have taken prizes at fairs and church sales indefinitely? One tastes with hope of some quickening relish, some essence of the fragrant sub-acid fruit.

Where did I learn the taste of those ideal sweetmeats and preserves that haunt the sense: peaches from Indiana orchards, with the aroma, and cooling, tingling flavor, held in lucent syrups, thick as honey of darkened amber; grape jelly seven years old, which when opened filled the house with its savor, and fitly shone in old faintly-gilded crystal (cherished heirloom of a Pilgrim family on the shores of Plymouth bay), catawba syrups of my mother's making, which were the concentrated flavor of many clusters, rich, inky violet, taking the sense with insatiable delight, a luxury no other woman ever seemed

to have the secret of; wild blackberry jam, made by the barrel from the Allegany pastures, fragrant, toothsome, never cloying. Shall I ever know the taste of such preserves again?

Alas! the suspended spoon returns no satisfactory response. Is modern jam principally sugar flavored with seeds? Is the making of crystal jellies a lost art, and is the ambition of the housekeeper to flavor it as much like the factory productions of isinglass and aniline as possible? Mournfully the tumbler is put away. Life is stuffed with sawdust, and our food savors of it. Preserves taste of coin; at least, they have no other flavor.

If Mr. Gladstone can give the subject of jam-and jelly-making attention as an industry that is to replenish the depleted incomes of English land-owners and one of the first scientific men of the day, Mr. Matthieu Williams repeats enthusiastically: "Jams for the million, jelly for the luxurious, and juice (*i. e.* syrups) for all," surely, women

can learn to make these *délices*, which Eden knew not, in some way to remind us of the lost ripened fruit.

One never gets the old-fashioned, lively preserves any more; they are all dead, dull decoctions of sugar, tasting much the same, whether the sliced substance in them is peach, apple, watermelon, or carrot. Now, carrot sweet-meat made with intelligence is not to be a stock for jokes; carrot jam, as carrot, is very respectable, and good for the scrofulous beside; it is only when it tries to pass for raspberry or quince it is to be derided and despised.

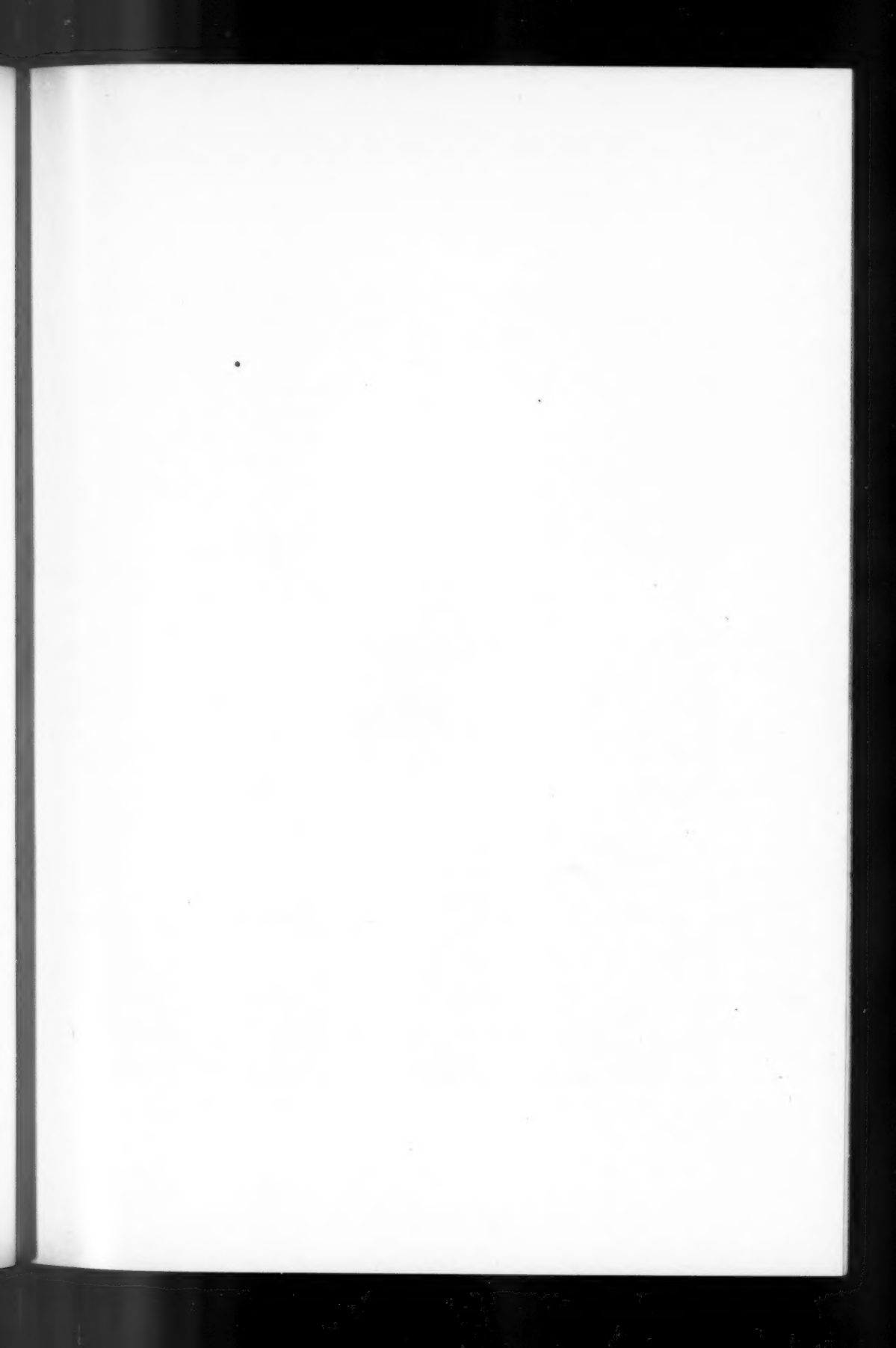
Now, in making preserves, as they are and as they should be, there is all the difference between a drudging and an art. Choosing fruit at the exact stage of fresh ripeness when the flesh is firm and every cell redolent of aroma, is a satisfying task; it is working idyllically, instead of writing idyls, and of the two give me the living rather than the writing about it. Then the preparation is pretty work just according to the degree of exactness given it: paring with silver knives into china or glass, crushing in the neat little wooden press that looks as if it belonged to the time of Theocritus (no galvanized iron about your fruit as you prize its flavor); then the quick cooking in shallow pans of white baking ware on a bright little stove in some cool, shaded quarter of porch, garden or kitchen, trim, spotless, and dear to the heart of every complete woman, as it was to George Eliot, who found it ever the most delightful room in the house.

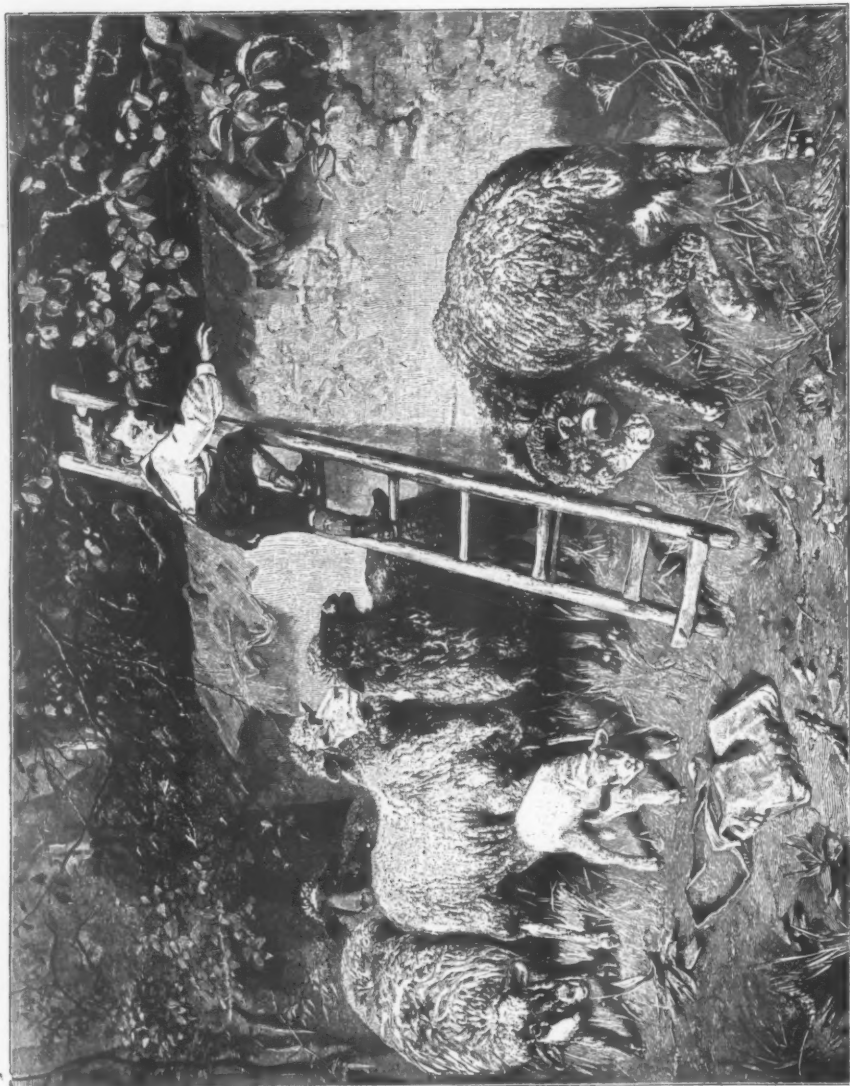
Now, the sense of making nice preserves is, that fruit must never touch metal, except the silver knife that pares it; and it must be cooked in shallow earthen pans rapidly to reduce the syrup with least loss of flavor. To make perfect preserve of peach, for instance, the thick boiling syrup of sugar (moistened with water? No, thank you, but with peach juice) has the halved peaches gently dropped in, and is then set off the fire till next day. The syrup is drained off, set boiling, and the process repeated till the

fruit is tender, when the syrup is boiled for the last time till thick as honey, and the peaches put in the jars and syrup poured over them. This cooks the fruit at a low degree of heat, which does not dissipate the aroma and flavor as boiling does. Scald your preserves, not boil them.

Jelly should never see the fire. The fruit juice, carefully pressed and strained without squeezing, filtered through druggists' paper if need be, has finely powdered sugar stirred in it, and well beaten. Then it is poured into glass tumblers and set in the sun, with a pane of glass over each. The philosophy is simple: The sun's heat through the glass is concentrated enough to cook your hand mildly in time, if held there, and jelly is made with the same sort of heat that ripens the fruit, getting also the chemical action of the sunshine, which develops the flavor of the juice. No housekeeper of taste will boil jellies after once making this way. The lively fruity flavor has the relish of the cluster on the bough. The choice conserves of the East are high-flavored fruit pulp beaten with sugar enough to keep without cooking. Pineapple, raspberry, and strawberry are finest in this way, or laid in layers of sugar without crushing.

Jams are best when they are not jammed at all. The sliced fruit or berries should be laid in the shallow preserving pan with sugar stewed through them; half a pound to the full pound of fruit. Let them stand, covered in a cool place an hour, or over night on ice. Then set them on a brisk fire and bring to a galloping boil quickly. Do not stir to prevent burning if you can help it, but shake the pan and move it, when it will boil but not burn. Ten minutes is the time given by the best preserve-makers for boiling jam, and every minute after wastes the flavor. Cool quickly, and keep all preserves except jelly in earthen or stone jars holding a quart, sealed with wax. No thoroughbred housekeeper trusts her preserves to screw tops. Over such fruit you may reflect that preserves were unknown in Eden.





IN TROUBLE.